

My Pioneer Ancestors--The Gledhill Families

by Janese Christensen

Oh, tell me a story, but one that is real
Of those of my family with unconquerable will,
Who all came to Utah, and settled the land
And made a dry desert into something grand.

On, brave Pioneers, my own Pioneers,
Of your own true stories, now let me please hear.

From England came Edward and Betty Gledhill.
In Manchester they married; their home they soon filled.
In Oldham they lived, surrounded by moors.
Factory work was for all-- a long day was yours.

A dream of two travelers with satchels in hand
Led Edward and Betty to a church they found grand.
While family left England for a new life in Zion,
Edward and Betty in Oldham lived on.

So brave, these dear Gledhills! They came the last year
Before steamships and railroads replaced Pioneers.

In Mt. Pleasant they lived, wed, and buried some children.
After ten years in Mt. Pleasant, they moved to Vermillion.
The first settlers of "Never sweat," as the town was first known,
It is here Tom brings Belle, and they help build the town.

Though old, "Ned" worked stones for the temple nearby.
Catching cold at his funeral, Mother Betty also died.
They are buried at Sigurd, with family all around.
Children and grandchildren also lay in this ground.

Carry on, Thomas Gledhill, along with sweet Belle.
Raise up your young family, six sons will be swell!

When Tom married Belle, it was with love that was true.
Then a call to a mission came out of the blue.
He sailed back to England, leaving young Belle behind
With six boys to feed, and farmland to mind.

Be brave, our dear Thomas, you have friends at your side.
Be brave, dear Belle, the Lord will provide!

Mission completed, kept healthy and well,
Thomas left with many people whose souls had swelled
From the words of his preaching and the efforts of others
To gather in Israel, their sisters and brothers.

When united again, the Lord's promise was won--
Belle gave birth to some girls, after bearing six sons.
With summers at Fish Lake, joined by Grandfather Ivie,
The boys grew up sturdy, the daughters most lively.

Young daughter Ida was raised strong in faith's zeal
By a mother who loved life, and a grandfather who healed.
With college and callings, their kids grew and were married.
Tom and Belle served the Lord, but saw six "children" buried.

There was Bert's Maggie, John Ivo, then Bert, and Ivo's Jane.
They raised two sweet granddaughters, then Lafay's death came.
Life went on with its trials and times of delight.
When Ida was widowed, they tried to make things right.

A lady well-loved, many mourned at Belle's passing.
Thomas, true to the end, endured well his testing.
When daughter Millie died, just four children were left.
Then Ray and Fred died sixteen days apart--Alden and Ida were bereft.

Alden's death left just Ida. Our thanks to her we will tell!
It is from her earnest efforts that we know these folks so well.

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Margaret, daughter of John Gledhill and Sarah Whitaker

Margaret "Peggy" Gledhill

by Cheryl Garrison

James Duffin, Jr., a son of James Duffin, Sr. and Betty Wood, was christened in St. Chad's Parish Church, Rochdale, Lancashire, England the 24 August 1774. He was a weaver, spinner, and shopkeeper. [James, Sr., was a student of the bible and taught his family religious concepts and that there was no authorized church of Christ on the earth, but the time would come when the true church would be organized, with apostles and prophets as it was in the days of the Savior. He prophetically remarked, "I will not live to see the church so organized but some of my children will." This was literally fulfilled.]

[Margaret "Peggy" Gledhill, older sister to Edward Gledhill, was born 14 June 1796. She married James Duffin, Jr. 1 November 1818. He was 44 years old, had been widowed twice and had 8 living children. She was 22 years old. James Jr. died at age 62, just before their youngest of 10 children was born.]

Peggy Duffin tried to run the shop that her husband owned. However the business was run down and eventually she moved the family to another place and began again. . . . Isaac, . . . spoke of his mother as beautiful and who was able to keep food on the table.

In 1841 the missionaries of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints reached the home of the widow Margaret (Peggy) Gledhill Duffin who was living in . . . Shaw, Lancashire, England. In June of 1842 she was baptized along with a brother, James Gledhill. Mary Ann, a daughter, had been baptized in May of that year. Isaac followed, being baptized 8 April 1843 by Levi Riggs. Later he did labor as a missionary with Elder Riggs, bringing others into the fold.

In 1846 Ireland faced a devastating potato famine that caused the direct deaths of at least a million people in that country. England also had many people who were starving to death. Brigham Young announced to the church that they needed to find a way to bring the faithful Saints to America and then on to Salt Lake City. In 1849 the Perpetual Immigration Fund was established to help those who could not emigrate to have the means to do so. Then when they reached Zion they would pay back the fund.

It was a family plan to come to America but the family did not have money for such a voyage. Isaac left in the spring of 1848. Isaac worked for a year in Philadelphia, Penn, earning enough funds for the tickets for his brother Hezekiah, and that of his fiance, Mary Fielding, daughter of James and Ann Henthorn Fielding. Isaac and Mary were married as soon as Mary arrived in America in 1849. Hezekiah, Isaac and Mary, with their newborn daughter, started west in the spring of 1850.

In 1851 [Peggy was] residing with her eldest living son, Edward Duffin, in Audenshaw, a township in the parish of Ashton-Under-Lyne. . . . On the 10th of February 1852 Margaret Duffin and four of her children, Mary Ann—26, Maria—22, Jacob—19 and Sophia—14 boarded the ship *Ellen Maria*, in Liverpool, England and set sail for America. Aboard were 369 converts and missionaries. Among the 182 of the Perpetual Emigrating Fund member passengers were the Duffin family. Sophia Duffin in later years would say that

they were a part of the 1st Donation Company. The other passengers, under the direction of Elder John S. Higbee, boarded the ship, *Kennebec*, bringing the total of fund members to 252. The passengers of the *Ellen Maria* were under the direction of Elder Isaac C. Haight until they reached America. A. O. Smoot would then be in charge. The ship landed in New Orleans on April 7, 1852 for a total of 51 days on the Atlantic Ocean. St. Louis, Missouri was at that time the point where many of the Saints from Europe made preparations for their long trek across the plains.

From there they traveled with other Saints, crossing the plains to Utah in the first Perpetual Emigration Fund Company led by A. O. Smoot. During a layover in Kansas City, Kansas, the company was stricken with Cholera . . . and [it] proved fatal to more than 15 of them. "This was a very sad affair. Here was a company of several hundred Saints, temporarily located among a people who were hostile to the whole Mormon Community, and who had assisted in driving the Saints across the river some years before and that they [planned to do it again] . . . But as the scourge continued, they were afraid to go near the camp.", described Isaac Brockbank, one of the emigrants.

[On 3 June 1852] two of the victims were Maria and her mother Margaret Peggy Duffin, who called Sophia to her bedside . . . and quietly spoke [saying], "Remember, always remain faithful in the Church . . . be a good girl and look after her brother and sister." . . . There is no doubt that because Margaret, Maria and others . . . had died, the rest of the wagon train survived. Without Cholera the bragging men just over hill would have swooped down for the intent of ridding the countryside of all Mormons.

Margaret and Maria were buried together by Samuel Adams where Kansas City, Jackson, Missouri is now located. 1852 was one of the very worst years for Cholera along the Missouri River. Many other pioneers would fall victim to this dread disease. One could be fine in the morning and dead by evening. Why some were ill and could not recover and others stayed well is not known. Modern medicine suggests that drinking lots of water helped the body from dehydrating and thus prevented death. . . .

Captain Smoot was stricken with the same disease. His condition was so critical that he was not expected to recover so he wrote his will. However the wagon train was stopped and the company fasted and prayed for their leader. Although he had lost 75 pounds, he was made well.

The remaining 3 children did make it to the Salt Lake Valley, where they had their two brothers. . . .

The sisters [of the company] brought out their finest apparel and, except for their tanned complexions, resembled the ladies of the old English fair. They proceeded in advance of the wagons in order to keep out of the dust and also to gain a better view of the valley. Considerable importance had been attached to this first company to travel under the perpetual Emigrating Fund. It seemed that the entire population of Salt Lake city had turned out to welcome the company to their new home.

James, son of John Gledhill and Sarah Whitaker

James Gledhill

by Edith H. Bahr Rammell, Jan. 1972

James Gledhill was born 5 Feb. 1807 at Crompton, Lancashire, England. He was the seventh child of the nine known children born to John Gledhill and Sarah Whittaker. There may have been other children, but we haven't been able to locate them if there were.

Many of the Gledhills were weavers by trade, but most records listed James as a painter or carpenter. In those days there were no child labor laws so no doubt James went to work at an early age.

James seems to have possessed a real strong nature, so it was fitting that he should find a mild mannered, soft spoken woman to marry.

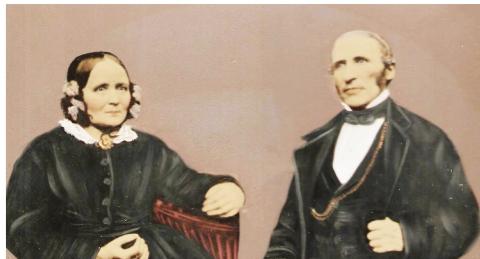
Malley Buckley was born 29 Oct. 1807 at Crompton, Lancashire, England, the youngest known child of John Buckley and Betty Greaves. Nothing is known about their courtship, but about 1826-27, Malley and James were married.

To this marriage was born eleven children and the Temple work done for them is in the Family File. All eleven children have been sealed to their parents, and on 28 May 1970 in the Idaho Falls Temple, I had the privilege of standing in for proxy for Malley to have her sealed to her parents -- thus welding the link for a long line of Buckleys that have already had their work done.

On 27 Nov. 1842 James Gledhill was baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, and on 12 Dec. 1842 Malley joined the church also. Malley and James were diligent in their church duties, and one by one their children were baptized into the church.

The Saints heard much about this land of Zion and many came to America. On 10 Jan. 1850 James left his little family behind and sailed for America on the ship "Argo", bound for New Orleans. Whether he stayed there or just how long is not known at this time, nor is it known if he was back home before his 10th child, Daniel, died in 1851. He probably was, as on 13 Dec. 1853 their last child, Nephi, was born. The birth certificate lists James as the father.

On 4 June 1868, Malley and her two sons James, age 22 and Nephi, age 15, sailed for America on board the ship "John Bright", headed for New York. Just where James had been, or when he came over again from England, I do not know, but on 4 Oct. 1864 he arrived in the Great Salt Lake Valley in Capt. Wm. S. Warren's Co. Malley and her two sons went to Salt Lake the fall of 1868, arriving there the fall of that year. I imagine James was happy to have his family together again.



Malley Buckley

James Gledhill

In England in those early days, anyone poor or ill health could live in a workhouse and work for their keep. It is ironic that in this proud Gledhill family, James' father John died in a workhouse at Royton on 19 May 1848. His mother, Sarah Whittaker had died 3 July 1846 at Laneside. How alone John Gledhill must have felt.

In Fravde, Odense, Denmark, on 31 May, 1818, a young child was born to Hans Jacobsen and Anne Christophersen; they named her Maren. Maren Jacobsen Hansen, as Maren was known, was to play quite a role in the James Gledhill family. On 24 Feb. 1839, Maren married Hans Nielsen. They had seven children and then the marriage ended in divorce. On 6 May 1862 Maren Nielsen and children sailed for America on the ship "Manchester."

Just when or where James Gledhill met her or when she went to Utah, I don't know, but on 15 Sep. 1869, Malley, Maren, and James went to the Endowment House and were sealed in Plural Marriage. Their early Provo, Utah records lists the three of them together as members.

Legend has it that there was a break in the Gledhill family over this polygamous marriage. Some has it was because Maren was younger, there was a jealousy there. At any rate, the Gledhill children married and came to America one at a time with their families.

Quoting from Grandpa's diary, "Malley Buckley died in Provo, 4th of March 1878, of cancer of the breast. The deceased was the mother of eleven children, seven of whom are living, Twenty four Grandchildren, and ten Great Grandchildren. She lived and died a faithful Latterday [sic] Saint." She is buried in the Provo cemetery -- lot #7, Blk #1, owned by a Christensen. No doubt Nephi's wife's people.

James died 12 Feb. 1889 at age 82 at Gunnison and buried there 15 Feb. 1889. Just why James died and was buried at Gunnison, Utah, one can only guess, as apparently Maren was still in Provo.

Maren died 30 Nov. 1893 - age 75 at Provo and was buried there in Jonathon Gledhill's lot #43C.

James Gledhill has quite a posterity as in 1961 the Nielsen family had all seven of Maren's children sealed to James and Maren. James' son-in-law, Thomas Broadbent, had his mother Nanny Broadbent and her six children sealed to James on Dec. 29, 1898 by consent of presidents Wilford Woodruff and George Q. Cannon, although Nanny and James were never married.

This past year through the efforts of a cousin living in Provo, Utah, Estella Lewis, we have had a marker installed at Malley Buckley Gledhill's grave site and we are checking to be sure if there is one for James at Gunnison. If not we plan to eventually put one there.

James seems to have been very diligent in the Church, as he did much Temple work just before he died in the Manti Temple, and much more has been done in his name.

Obituary for James Gledhill

James Gledhill died at Gunnison, Sanpete County, Utah Feb. 12, 1889 of old age--82 years and 7 days. Deceased was born in Crompton, England on Feb. 5, 1807. Embraced the gospel and became a member of the Oldham Branch in the Manchester Conference and was president of that Church for six years.

He was a noted fireside preacher and in this way made many converts to the gospel. He had eccentric ways and appropriately styled himself "The Curious Being."

He emigrated to Utah in 1862 (1868). Painted the Provo meeting house when it was first built, and after residing in Provo 17 years, removed to Gunnison where most of his children then resided.

Of late, his mind has been absorbed to temple work, having done considerable for his dead, and he was making preparations to continue his labors in that direction the coming summer. Just seven days before he died his grandchildren tendered him by way of a surprise birthday party. At this party, he both sang and danced.

In his lifetime, he was a strong advocate of the truth, honest, exemplary and a consistent Latter-day Saint. With a smile upon his face he died in the hope of a glorious resurrection. As the result of his union with his first wife, (Mary) Mally Buckley Gledhill, who died in Provo in 1878, he was blessed with eleven children - seven of whom (4 sons and 3 daughters) are still living and were present at the funeral. He had 48 grandchildren and 50 great grandchildren.

Services over his remains were held in the Gunnison Society Hall Feb. 15, 1889, where fitting remarks were made by Elders Jens Larson and H. H. Kearns of the High Priests Quorum of which the deceased was a faithful member and an appropriate funeral discourse was delivered by Elder Thomas Broadbent, who had been associated with him from the time he embraced the gospel.



James Gledhill

James, son of John Gledhill and Sarah Whitaker

A Dream or Vision had by James Gledhill

Published December 18, 1888, Gunnison, Utah

A dream or vision had by James Gledhill, born 1807, East Crompton, Lancashire, England – Died 1889 – Gunnison, Sanpete, Utah, United States:

Some time in November last, after having done considerable work in the Temple for my dead, I went to bed as usual, and lay meditating upon Temple work. I heard the clock strike twelve, when my mind was led away, seemingly a long distance, to the foot of a very high mountain; but by what means I got there I do not know. I looked up the mountain as far as my eye could reach, and beheld, as if in another world, a multitude of people. A man came past me and went right in amongst the multitude, who were all very joyful.

While I was looking wonderingly at the happy throng, I saw with unspeakable joy my father and mother near me, looking as they did when alive, only more pleased and happy. The man mentioned above seemed as he passed among the people to electrify them with joy. He said to a woman, "I have come to let you people know that they are doing a great work down there for you." "Down where?" she asked. "There is a place down there called Manti Temple," he answered. "How do you know?" the woman asked; to which he answered, "I have just come from there." At this the woman broke into exclamations of joy and praised God, to which the multitude joined. "I must go," the messenger said, "and let other people know." They were unwilling to let him go; but he departed.

The people appeared to increase immensely in number around the place where the information was received, until it seemed like an extensive valley filled with persons who were still gathering and rejoicing, and filling up the space as far as they eye could reach.

At this juncture a strange and unpleasant looking individual came up to me and asked me sneeringly what I wanted there.

"I have come to the light," I answered. "To the light," he replied gruffly. "Yes," said I, "to the light; some love darkness more than light, because their deeds are evil, and I have come to the light to make my deeds known." Upon this he vanished.

Then it appeared to me that I returned; but how I got back I knew not. When I awoke the clock struck three, so I had been in the condition I have described for the space of three hours – the happiest three hours I ever spent in my life.

I am now nearly eighty-two years old, and I write this (trusting you will publish it) in order to encourage my brethren and sisters in the great and grand work of redeeming the dead.

Edward, son of John Gledhill and Sarah Whitaker

Edward and Betty Hague Gledhill

written by their son Thomas Gledhill

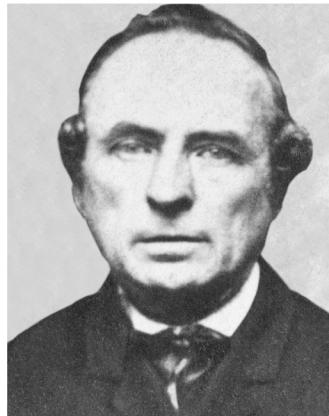
Father's and mother's theological history goes back to the time they joined the church. My grandfather's name was John Gledhill and grandmother was Sarah Whittaker. Uncle James Gledhill did his temple work. Grandfather's name on mother's side was Thomas Hague and Grandmother's was Betty Taylor. Sister Sarah and I did their temple work.

Father's name was Edward Gledhill. He was born in a little village named Crompton just across the line from Shaw where mother was born. Father was born July 11, 1811 and died July 6, 1888. Mother was born July 14, 1814 and died July 18, 1888. Mother received her endowment October 8, 1862 and Father May 24, 1889, and was sealed the same day. Brother John and sister Sarah doing the sealing work and all 12 children sealed to them the same day. John L Ivie and Sarah McCarthy standing for them.

Father and Mother were both religiously inclined. Father was a Methodist, quite a devout member, taking an active part in the camp meetings. Mother was a Presbyterian, quite devout, and getting along together in their different churches until the year 1849 when mother had a vision about her and father's beliefs being different and both of them couldn't be right. Then she saw two young men with satchels coming to tell her of the right church.

For two or three months she forgot about her dream, when one day two men came with satchels and she remembered her dream and recognized the men and she told them that she had been waiting for them. They told her they were missionaries from Utah way off in America. She was much surprised having never heard of Utah and very little of America. After she had fed them, her first thought was to ask them if she should join Father's church or he should join hers. To her surprise they told her neither one. Having been told in her dream that these men would tell her which one she should join, never thinking but what she would join Father's or hers, and that was all that was necessary. But the elders preached to her the restored gospel and told her what was necessary for her to do to be saved.

After they left, she was more as sea than before and very much worried. She asked them to come again when father was home. They came regularly and taught them the gospel and on September 3, 1849 she was baptized, and father on September 11, 1850. [Note: G. S. Film 087,027 Oldham Branch Records (LDS) page 4 indicate that Edward was baptized first, on September 3, 1849 and on page 5 indicates Betty baptism was on September 3, 1850.]



Edward Gledhill



Betty Hague

They were very energetic in their new religion, always keeping open house for the elders. Father led the choir in Manchester conference with 300 voices. In 1862, four members of the family came to Utah for the gospel's sake. In the year 1868 six more came. Two [Note: family records indicate three] had died in England and one at sea [Note: not at sea but probably at Florence, Nebraska]. The 13 children have been sealed to Father and Mother and all have had their work done in the temple. They both died in full fellowship in the Church, believing we should all be reunited in the morning of the first resurrection.

Father, Mother, may I meet you in your Royal Court on High. And may I dwell with you hoping to always appreciate what you have done for me by joining the Church and passing through all the trials since joining it in your own country and coming to a strange land for me and the others, living there in poverty and strangeness all the rest of you life for the Church of Jesus Christ.

Edward and Betty Hague Gledhill

written by their granddaughter Ida Belle Gledhill Christensen Buchanan

Edward Gledhill, who was called Ned, was born on July 31, 1811 in Crompton, Yorkshire, England to John Gledhill and Sarah Whittaker. Crompton was across the shire line from Shaw, where Betty Hague was born on July 8, 1814 to Thomas Haigh and Betty Taylor. Ned and Betty were married in the Manchester Cathedral on June 4, 1832. Ned had blue eyes and brown hair, was 5 feet 9 inches tall and weighed about 150 lbs. He was quick spoken and abrupt. His wife had snappy brown eyes and was on the plump side. She wore small white caps and on Sunday wore a white cap trimmed with black lace. She was a peacemaker and was always soothing Ned's ruffled spirits. She smoked a long clay pipe until she joined the Mormon Church, and many times after joining the Church her husband would say he wished he could fix her pipe for her again, since she enjoyed it so much.

They were the parents of 13 children; Sarah, Ellen, John Edward, Mary, William, Ann, Sophia, Betsy, Alice, Violet, Joseph, Amelia, and Thomas. Ellen, William, and Alice died in England when they were young. The family lived quite comfortably in a English rock house that was joined to other rock houses in a long line. They had a fireplace for heat and took their baths in a large wooden tub in front of the fireplace. The floor of their house was sand and one day a week was spent in making patterns on the floor with different colored sands.

Ned played the violin and after joining the Church became the chorister for the Manchester choir of 300 voices. All the family members were musical and enjoyed singing to Ned's violin accompaniment. John and Joseph, and sometimes Thomas, played for dances. Ned was a stone mason by trade. Other family members worked in the cotton mills or coal mines in the area. They would get paid on Saturday night and then had to pay their bills which were due on Monday morning.

Ned was a devout Methodist, taking an active part in camp meetings, and his wife was a devout Presbyterian. Part of the children belonged to one church and the rest to the other. It was often difficult getting along together in the family because of the different religions.

Betty knew that her religion was in conflict at times with Ned's and "came to know such should not be;" that both could not be right. In 1849, Betty was resting one day in her rocking chair, when she had a dream or vision. In her dream or vision, she saw two young men with books and satchels come to call on her. They told her of a new church that she and her husband could both believe in.

About three months later, after she had forgotten about the dream, the two men did come to her door. She recognized them, recalled the dream, and told them that she had been waiting for them and their message. They told her that they were from Utah, but she had never heard of it. After inviting them in and feeding them, she told them about Ned and her belonging to different churches, and asked the two men whether she should join the Methodists or whether Ned should join the Presbyterians. To her surprise they told her that she should join neither one of them. Instead they told her of a new church and of a great many new things that she needed to do.

This caused her much confusion and she asked the two men to return that evening when Ned and the family would be at home. After that the missionaries returned regularly and taught the family. Ned believed and was baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints on September 3, 1849 by William Schofield and confirmed on September 8, 1849 by Luke Nield. Betty was not baptized until a year later on September 3, 1850. They kept their house open to the missionaries. Sarah was baptized on September 6, 1850 and the other children at later dates. Edward was excommunicated from the church twice while he was in England, and was rebaptized on February 7, 1858 and on May 30, 1864.

Names of passengers in Captain Mumford's train.

James, Catherine, Joseph, Catharine, James and David Holland; Henry Chrisholm; John Russel; Jane McBean; Isabella and Robert Boag; William, Sarah Jane and Emma Jane Turner; Samuel Comley; Mary Shepherd; Lucy, Louisa and William Hill; Mary, Jane and Alice Paynter; Alfred, Elizabeth, Ann Jane, George, Elizabeth and Alfred Oscar Tomlinson; Thomas, Ellen and Eliza Webster; William Oldfield; William Sawdon; Matthew, Mary, George Henry and Mary Jane Firth; Heber and Rose Serle; James Bishop; Elizabeth Edward; George and Ellen Dawson; George Davidson; Charles Holme; Edward, Elizabeth, Ann, Betsy Violette, Joseph, Amelia, and Thomas Gledhill; Mary Ann Bromley; Hannah and Susie Platt; Joseph Yeatell; Elizabeth Ballinger; Mary Jane Thorne; Samuel Southwick; James Stuart; Robert, Margaret and Alfred Gardiner; Stephen and Stephen Theabold; Edward, Ann and Charles Stagg; Maria Seaburn; Mary Passey; John and Hannah Deyve; Reuben and Mary Ann Baker; Fanny and Jas. Staples; Wm. and Alice Howarth; Thos. Jane and Ann J. Holden; Sarah, Wright and Sarah Ann Pickering; Benjamin N., Betsy and Orson Howarth; Annie F. Buckeridge, Henry Barlow; Elisha Peck; Thomas, Mary, Thomas, Fanny and John Davis; Philip and Lucy Fiddler; Kezia and Sarah Howcroft; Daniel, Elizabeth, Florence, Orson, Charlotte and William Dunn; Alfred, Mary Ann, George, Lucy, Louisa, Alvin and Lovina Hanson; Eliza Partridge; Isaac, Rebecca and Emma Quinny; George Checkets; Stephen Pope; James Herridge; Cyrus Warren; James Turner; Ann Dodd; Clara Turner; Thomas, Betsy, Elizabeth, Lorenzo, Bernard, Betsey Ellen, Leonard, Hannah and Wilford Schofield; Henrietta Read; Elizabeth and Sarah Ann Grimshaw; George, Louisa, Rose, Hyrum, Ellen and Henry Hall; Andrew and Cecelia Simmonds; John W. Green; Hannah and Rose Taylor; William, Sarah, Ellen, Charlotte and John Peterkin; Niel and Hans Lawson; Eliza, James, Annie, Lucy and George Allen; John, Jane, Martha, John W., Sarah Ann, Mary Jane, Henry and James Inglesfield; Edward Shoebridge; William, Luvina, Elizabeth and Robert Moyes; Gordon, Eliza and Cecelia Good; William Orchard; George, Sarah and Isaac Gibson; Mary Davis; Fanny, James and Fred Miller; Thomas, Samuel and Jane Steward; Wm. and Elizabeth Orrick; Wm., Mary, James, Mary Ann, Thos., Jane, Wm., John and Joseph Ogden; Rebecca and Sarah Radway; Elizabeth and Ellen Johnson; Phebe Shill; Chas, Caroline, Chas., Wm. and Elizabeth Kimber; Emily Pocock; Francis and Hannah Heaton; Jane Halley; Joseph Mary, Mary Alice and Emma Walker; Charles Bradbury; Hyrum Wood; Wm. Lund; James Margaret, Robert, Wm., Franklin and Margaret Salmon; Eliza Wiley; Thomas Graham; Jane Ellen Graham; Louisa, Amelia and Mary Charles; Samuel, Ann, Reuben, Mary, Ephraim, Hannah and Adah Western; Caroline, Ann and Fanny Lloyd; Annie and Eve Gordon; Wm. Sarah, Wm. H., Alfred E. and Isabella J. Wade; Wm. C. Penney;

Stein Holson; Kate and Mary Rathman; John, Olena and Cecelia Peterson; Rathmus Nielson.

E. T. MUMFORD, Capt.
SAMUEL SOUTHWICK, Secretary.

Deseret News, July 22, 1868

Sarah, daughter of Edward Gledhill and Betty Hague

Sarah Gledhill Broadbent [Snow]

by her granddaughter Minnie Snow Dastrup

Sarah Gledhill was born on March 31, 1833 in Oldham, Lancashire, England, the daughter of Edward and Betty Hague Gledhill. She was the oldest child of a family of thirteen.

As her father and mother both worked in the factory, she spent her childhood days helping tend the younger children and assisting her grandmother [Hague] with the housework. Her grandmother made her home with them, as she was a widow, and as was the custom there, the husband and wife always worked when they were able. As soon as Sarah was old enough, she, too, went to the factory, and learned to weave what we now call unbleached muslin. Here she worked as long as she remained in England. She never went to school, but learned to read and write in Sunday school. She was a member of the Presbyterian church and sang in the choir for many years.

In the early part of the year 1849 her mother, Betty Hague Gledhill, had a dream or vision of two men coming to their home, who claimed to have the true gospel and warning her to give heed to what they had to say to her. Some time in June, two men called at their door when she was alone and she recognized them as the two men she saw in her dream. She welcomed them and they made regular visits to the Gledhill home. The family soon accepted the gospel and Sarah Gledhill was baptized [into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints] Sept. 6, 1850. [Note: G. S. Film 087,027 Oldham Branch Records (LDS) page 5 indicates that Sarah was baptized September 22, 1850.]

Later she met a young man by the name of Edward Broadbent [who had joined the LDS church November 4, 1847] and in the year 185[3] they were married. The following year, 185[5], they emigrated to Zion. They were six weeks on the water and walked every step across the plains, arriving in Salt Lake in the fall of the year. They stayed here during the winter and later settled in Lehi, where they built their first home in the valley, a dug out.

This was a hole in the ground, poles put up [in] a gable style and covered with willows, or slabs if they were fortunate enough to have them, and a generous covering of dirt. In one end was a window without glass. Over this opening was a thin piece of white cloth which was wet with water when they wanted extra good light.

The bed was fashioned with four posts driven into the ground, poles put around these, and woven between with rawhide. This was their bed springs. She had part of an old tent they had used in crossing the plains and this, with some then almost priceless straw inside, made her first bed tick.

The table was a large box that had been used in packing their food and other things while crossing the plains. Their cupboard was another box fastened on legs driven in the dirt floor which held the few precious dishes brought from England. This, with two boxes to sit on, the large chest that had held their clothes, and a few other things that they could bring with them, was the furnishing in their new home. Their cooking was done outside over a fire.

Sarah Gledhill Broadbent and husband made this their home for the first summer in Utah, but in the fall she got a chance to live with an elderly couple in Lehi doing housework for her board and room. Her husband got a job working in a small brewery for \$10.00 per month and board. As they had no children and food was very scarce, they were very glad to do this. These people were very good to her, and the \$10 a month was a great help to them.

The following spring they went to help pioneer Manti, Sanpete Co. Here they built one log room with a board floor and one window. On August 17, 1859 their first child was born, a boy whom they called Edward. Two years later a little girl, Sarah Elizabeth, was born but lived only a few hours.

Soon after this they moved to Gunnison as there was a chance to get land. It was here that her husband was drowned in the Sevier River. He was swimming across to get the cattle belonging to the settlers there, as word had come that the Indians were going to make a raid. He got part way and was seized with a cramp, called for help, but they were not able to rescue him. [His death was on May 25, 1863.] She was now left alone with one child and expecting another.

In 1862 her brother John [Edward Gledhill] and wife, sisters Mary and Sophia [Gledhill] emigrated. They all reached Salt Lake City in the fall, except Sophia who died at Florence, Nebraska on the way to Utah. Mary married William G. Barton of Mt. Pleasant. They came to my mother's rescue in her trouble, took her to their home and took care of her until after the birth of her baby boy [Joseph Broadbent], and until she was able to take care of herself, which she did by doing any kind of work that was offered to her.

While working for a family in Fountain Green, her baby boy, who was then about two years old, died. This was a very heavy blow indeed. Soon after this she met Bernard Snow and was married to him on October 27, 186[6].

In 186[8] the rest of her people emigrated to Utah. As this time, Bernard Snow, her husband, was building grade on the Union Pacific Railroad and she was with him cooking for his men.

During the raid on polygamy, she was again left to care for herself and children. She had many good friends who were ever ready to help her help herself. Among these was William Godbe and his splendid wives, who were very kind. (I remember them as some of the kindest, most charitable people I have ever known in my life.)

In the spring of 1887, mother and my brother Edward bought a small piece of land with a two-room log house on it in Vermillion, Sevier Co., her brother-in-law Peter Gottfredson being instrumental in helping them get it. Here we made a happy home, until Ed[ward Broadbent] married. Then the old home was sold and mother made her home with me [Minnie Snow Dastrup] and my husband [John Dastrup], as long as she lived.

John Dastrup, son-in-law to Sarah Gledhill

On October 3, 1900, Mother was called home. She had passed through many trials and hardships incident to pioneer life. She was a wonderful homemaker whether she had very much or very little. She could always make a home that was a joy to live in. Although she sacrificed and endured so much for the Gospel's sake, she remained true and faithful to the end.

Some of the things Mother used to tell me may give you an idea of pioneer life. She lived during the grasshopper plague and she said that she had seen the sun entirely blotted out by them, and they would look just like a black cloud swooping down on their crops, leaving only the bare stalks. After this, when food was so scarce, she used to gather pig weeds from the point of the mountain where the Manti temple now stands, and when they had a bowl of buttermilk and some of those weeds, they thought they had a wonderful meal.

She said the bottoms of Manti were covered with saleratus [a white crystalline substance having an alkaline taste and reaction, consisting of sodium bicarbonate], so white it looked like snow, and they would gather this and use it in the water in the same way soda is used now. They also used to burn their hard wood and put the ashes in a big barrel and cover them with water to use when they washed. It had the same effect as lye.

She used to take the syrup from table beets and preserve carrots in it. Coloring was done by getting the yellow from the rabbit brush, green from sage brush, and by mixing a combination with log wood, they used to make a beautiful brown. They also used indigo blue. They used to draw threads from the cloth in order to sew, especially when it was fine work. She carded her own wool, spun it, had it woven, and afterwards dyed it, in order to make their clothing. The first pair of shoes she had over here were made by a man named Shoemaker. They cost her \$8 and she did twelve washings to pay for them.

Yet she always said they were happy and this could have been due to the unselfishness towards one another. She said they were like one big family. Sometimes when a relative or friend emigrated from England, they would bring a pound of sugar and a drawing of tea, and all the neighbors would be called in to help enjoy this treat. Sometimes she said the water would hardly be colored, it was so weak.



Sarah Gledhill Broadbent

John Dastrup, Sarah's son-in-law, was born Feb. 18, 1867 at Moroni, Sanpete, Utah. His father's family settled in Vermillion in 1877. He married Sarah's daughter Minnie Snow February 20, 1899. He was a counselor to Bishop Peter Gottfredson and the first bishop of the Sigurd Ward when it was organized in 1895. During 1908-1912 when the Sigurd and Vermillion wards were briefly combined for four years, Thomas Gledhill was his counselor. He was a farmer, stock raiser, president of the Vermillion Irrigation Company, school trustee, road supervisor, and member of the Board of the Otter Creek Reservoir Company.



John Dastrup, Sarah Gledhill Broadbent, Mida Dastrup, Minnie Snow Dastrup

Bernard Snow, husband to Sarah & Violet, daughters of Edward Gledhill and Betty Hague

Bernard Snow

by Janese Christensen

When Sarah encountered Bernard Snow in Fountain Green, she had been widowed for about 2 or 3 years. Her first husband, Edward Broadbent, she knew and married in England before they emigrated to Utah. Edward and she were sealed together at the Endowment House in Salt Lake City and they had had three children. Edward and two of their children had died. She had living only her son Edward when she met Bernard Snow in about 1866.

Bernard Snow was in Fountain Green on a call from Brigham to built a mill there. He was a respected leader in the community. A graduate of Cambridge University, he and the wife of his youth, Louisa M. King had three children, two dying within months of their births. They joined the Church in 1849 and he had made his way to Utah by sailing around South America to the gold field in California in 1849. His wife Louisa died on her way to Utah in 1850. He was reunited with their last living son, Sidney, when he arrived in Utah in 1851, but Sidney died a year later 1852.

Bernard became well-known and respected in the Salt Lake area. He was actor, performing on stage in California, and again in Utah beginning in 1852. He was a poet and wrote the hymn "God Bless Our Prophet Dear," which was sang the first time in the 1853 June conference at the Salt Lake Tabernacle to the tune of "America." In 1855 he delivered an address, "An Ode to Freedom" at the Fourth of July celebration in Salt Lake. The next year he read the Constitution of the United States during the celebration.

At age 31 Bernard began another family, marrying Alice Snow, who had worked at the Kolob Rhodes [Caleb Rhoades?] boarding house in Salt Lake. They married in 17 January 1853 and were sealed 17 February 1854. Alice was 32 years old. She was from Bury, Lancashire, England, close to Oldham, where Sarah Gledhill was from. Just before she departed from England, she spoke in tongues and the interpretation told of her being able to calm others during a terrible storm they would experience while crossing the ocean. This all came to pass. Another time while accompanying Bernard as a home missionary, she again spoke in tongues and her prophetic utterings came to pass.

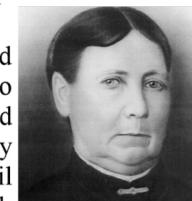
Two years after marrying Alice, Bernard married a second wife, Anne Liversidge from Yorkshire, a neighboring county to Oldham. She had arrived in Utah the summer previous and had been working in a boardinghouse. They were married by Brigham Young with Heber C. Kimball as a witness on 16 April 1856. These two English wives lived together many years and were good friends.



Bernard Snow as an actor



Alice Smith



Anne Liversidge

As a member of the 27th Quorum of the Seventies Bernard spoke in the October General Conference in 1856 and then afterward was called on a two-year mission to Europe. There he served in leadership positions in England.

While Bernard was gone from Utah, in 1857, with Johnson's Army due to arrive in Salt Lake, Alice with two children and Anne with one moved to Manti. Alice worked and supported the families as Anne's health was poor.

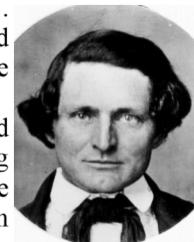
After his mission Bernard joined his wives in Sanpete County in 1858, and then was called to build mills. He built a circular sawmill at Fort Ephraim and Fountain Green. He built flour and saw mills in Manti. The Deseret News wrote, "The spirit of improvement continues unabated and saw and grist mills are being built in nearly every settlement through the county. The circular sawmill at Fort Ephraim owned by B. Snow and Co. is doing a cash business as reported, cutting from three to four thousand feet a day. Carding machine of Snow and Peacock at Moroni is doing a good business and there is said to be plenty of wood in that county and Juab. At Fountain Green, Bernard Snow and Bishop R. I. Johnson are putting up a good circular sawmill and from the known ability of Mr. Snow, the people anticipate a good mill."

In 1860 he had a household with Anne, and another one with Alice in Fort Ephraim. Also living at Fort Ephraim in 1860 were two sisters who he would later marry: Matilda and Florentine Sorensen from Denmark.

Bernard married Mathilde Sorensen, age 16, on 26 April 1861. Alice gave birth to a child at Manti and Anne in Ephraim.

He represented Sanpete county in 1862 to a constitutional convention to make the territory into the state of Deseret. In 1863 he gave the oration in Salt Lake for 24th of July celebration. Alice and Matilda give birth to children in Ephraim and Anne at Springville. The family had the land at Springville for a number of years. Here Bernard was also a member of an acting troupe.

In 1865 Anne gives birth to a child in Fountain Green. This was when the Black Hawk War began. At one point he was forced for several hours to defend by himself his mill at the mouth of the canyon by Ephraim. He was a respected leader during the conflicts with the Indians. His men gave him a Henry repeating rifle, which held 15 shells, "the first of its type in the West." The Indians knew him as "the man who loads his gun at sunrise and shot all day." Outside of conflicts, Bernard was kind and caring to the Indians he encountered,



Bernard Snow

Bernard Snow, husband to Sarah & Violet Gledhill, daughters of Edward Gledhill and Betty Hague

giving them flour and making boards for carrying babies.

It was during the Black Hawk War time that Bernard married Sarah Gledhill Broadbent, age 33, on 27 October 1866 in Salt Lake City. She brought with her to the marriage her seven-year old son Edward Broadbent.

Bernard's first plural wife Alice had given birth to her last child in 1863. At the time of Sarah's marriage to Bernard, his second wife Anne had five living children, and would give birth to one more in 1867. His third wife Mathilde had one child at the time of Sarah's marriage to



Florentine Sorensen

Bernard. Mathilde would continue to live with Bernard to the end of his life, bearing him seven more children.

On 5 October 1867, a year after marrying Sarah, Bernard married Mathilde's sister, Florentine Sorensen. She was age 18 at the time. She would have three children with Bernard between 1869 and 1872.

The year 1868 was a pivotal year for Sarah and Bernard and his other families.

An armistice mostly ending the Black Hawk War was signed with the Indians on 16 August 1868. It was this summer that Bernard took a subcontract from President Brigham Young to do work on the railroad tracks in the narrows of Weber Canyon. He hired men and Sarah helped feed them at their camp. Sarah would have been in Weber Canyon as her parents Edward and Betty Gledhill, and siblings Ann, Violet, Joseph, Amelia and Thomas arrived in Salt Lake the end of September 1868.

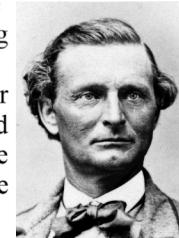
In January 1869 Florentine was living in Ephraim and Sarah was at a camp, probably in Weber Canyon. With Sarah was "Father, Violet & Joseph"--all Gledhills I would presume, "and all the boys," [paid laborers?].

After the completion of the railroad in May 1869, the glow of having this lucrative contract to build the railroads was swallow-up in deep disturbance as Bernard received no money from Brigham Young to pay the workers he had contracts with. This was a general problem in Utah, as the railroads defaulted on paying the \$2 million contract Brigham Young had with them. It was four years before there was a settlement, and then Pres. Young received only 45 cents on a dollar. This disrupted the economy of the whole territory, money being scarce, and most people reverting to a barter system.

However, there was something beyond the normal reaction that occurred between Brigham Young and Bernard Snow. According to Snow, a hurried-up court was held without him present, and Bernard was cut-off from the church, probably in the fall of 1869. On 6 January 1870 from Mt. Pleasant, as he wrote Sarah the following:



Sarah Gledhill Broadbent



Bernard Snow 1867

"I feel first rate in my spirit and never better. My family are with me heart and hand in the course I have taken and realize the injustice of the hasty and illegal cutting off operation. I thank God that I have a conscience void of offense in the matter, and if the so-called priesthood are not my friends, I feel that I am on very good terms with my God and his priesthood behind the veil."

In a letter to Brigham Young, dated 7 February 1870 Bernard described his excommunication further:

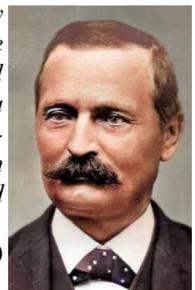
"I have had my feelings, I confess, and they have not been at all times the most pleasant, for I am but human. For having these feelings, and when questioned by the authorities on the point, honestly stating them, but at the same time acknowledging you as our legal head, and one whom we were all bound to honor and respect in your position as our President, as the wisest and best man that we had any knowledge of, at the same time mortal, and liable to some extent to err like other good men, I was deemed an apostate, and as such severed from the church without a trial, and in my absence. I have nevertheless seen fit to address you as Prest and brother, and trust there will be no offense in so doing."

It is in the midst of this situation that Bernard also marries Sarah's sister Violet Gledhill on 29 March 1869. Violet is 19 at the time.

Bernard itemizes in a 7 February 1870 letter that "Sharp & Young" still owed him \$2,881.02. He had been paid \$4,537.01, but half of that [so about \$2,250] had been in tools/supplies/good, not cash. He had paid out to his men for labor alone \$5,805. He had borrowed and was in debt to merchants, paying "heavy interest." And he had a family of 26 to provide for.

To pay his debts Bernard began working in 1870 in the mining industry. Brigham Young was discouraging mining in Utah, wanting to strengthen the Saint more before additional "Gentile" influences came into the territory. Bernard worked as an agent in mining gold and silver for William S. Godbe in Godbe & C. and also Amasa M. Lyman, among others. Both these men had also been excommunicated.

Additionally he began working a hoisting engine at the King Mine at Ophir, Tooele County, Utah, where silver had been discovered by soldiers from Johnson's Army. Violet gives birth to William Herbert Snow in Springville on 25 October 1870.



Violet Gledhill

Bernard Snow, husband to Sarah & Violet, daughters of Edward Gledhill and Betty Hague

By 1971 Bernard had sold nearly all his property. In a letter to Anne and Sarah, dated 25 June 1871, who were probably living at Ophir, he wrote from Fountain Green the following:

Dear Anne and Sarah, . . . You was surprised that I was yet in Springville, . . . but always when I go there I see so much that wants doing that I know not when to stop. I will tell you what I was doing. In the first place I found they must have a corral for the cows, as they were a deal of trouble to our folks and also the neighbors. I made a good large corral, and a calf pen in one corner. Then I put up window blinds to every window in the house. Then I painted most of the woodwork till I used up what paint I had on hand. Then I put glass windows in the attic. Then I put each of the women here a new bedstead. (Don't be jealous you shall have one when needed). Last, but not least, I fitted up the well, and the water proves first rate and a great convenience. So you will see I was not idle, but done much for general comfort. Oh! one job more I had forgotten. I brought Mrs Wing the night before I left the 14th inst, and about 11 o'clock Matilda [his third plural wife] was presented with a daughter, both doing well.

There, now I have told you what I done in Springville. I will tell you what I have done since. I took Violet and came here [Fountain Green] into the old house where we have plenty of company in the shape of bugs and fleas.

I found the sawmill in so much worse condition than when I was here last, and that the timber was about used up in the canyon that it would never pay me to fit up the sawmill here. I arrived here Friday a week ago at night, and the next morning went by stage to Mount Pleasant and Springtown [Spring City] leaving Violet and Bernard here, and came back last Wednesday. I found a chance to put my mill where there is good timber and a prospect of good business.

I spent hours with Elder Hyde, took supper with him twice, and we had a good natured talk. I told him I would not give up my right to think and believe as I pleased but if he could show me I was in error I would, when convinced, embrace any truth, but I could not and would not play the hypocrite to please him nor anyone else. I told him if he and the people would show their "faith without their works, I would show them my faith by my works," and if any one of them would live a better life than me, I would make them my example and try to be as good as any of them in all good works, but I would not agree to subscribe to all their tenets of faith.

Bernard wrote in January 1871 that he had "turned out nearly all my property, the hard earnings of eighteen years . . . even the house which affords shelter to my family. . . . If I can manage to pay off my liabilities. . . and be able to say 'I owe no man anything' [this] will make me a far happier man than I am today."

He began to build a new saw mill above Spring City the summer of 1871. In August and October of 1871 he wrote Sarah & Anne letters from this mill. *"I go slowly with the mill . . . I sometimes feel almost disheartened but try to keep up courage all I can. I have bacon and bread to eat, and sometimes a little butter. I shall get some butter with the money you sent. I think of you every hour of the day, and wish I could look in on you for a while. I was at Ephraim last Sunday with Florentine. It was nearly a year and a half since I was there. . . . It is very awkward to be here so far from town, without any means of conveyance. . . . Herbert is not very well. He has sore eyes, and is cutting teeth and keeps Violet pretty busy, with doing for all of us and him. God bless you all and hasten the time we may meet again is my earnest prayer."*

In 1872 Violet gave birth to Lilly Violet in Springville the beginning of July, who died shortly after birth. It was on Sept. 26, 1872 at Bernard's saw mill above Spring City that Thomas Gledhill witnessed the last fatality of the Black Hawk War.

Bernard in 1875 was working at Chicago Smelter, in Tooele County, 12 hours a day, seven days a week, trying to support his family and pay off his debts. Anne is in Springville, Alice in Weber. Minnie Snow, Bernard's and Sarah's daughter, reported that she had been living in Salt Lake City before they moved to Vermillion in 1877. She praised the kindness of the wives of William Godbe, writing, *"During the raid on polygamy, [Sarah] was again left to care for herself and children. She had many good friends who were ever ready to help her help herself. Among these was William Godbe and his splendid wives, who were very kind. (I remember them as some of the kindest, most charitable people I have ever known in my life.)"*

On the 1880 Census Sarah listed her last name as Broadbent, and Violet was listed as a Gledhill and they indicated that they are divorced. They were living in Vermillion. Alice was living in Spanish Fork. Anne lived in Springville. Florentine was living in Ephraim. Mathilda and her children were living with Bernard at Frisco in Beaver County, where silver, zinc, copper, lead, and gold were mined.

In a letter he wrote to Sarah's daughter Minnie, in 1881 he indicated that Violet wrote him to tell of her marriage to John Lehi Ivie, and that he "tendered my best wishes to her and her husband." He sent five dollars to Minnie and her mother Sarah.

In a letter written in May 1882 from Salt Lake City, probably to Minnie again, Bernard reports leaving Frisco for good with plans to move north:



Minnie Snow
Dastrup

Bernard Snow, husband to Sarah & Violet Gledhill, daughters of Edward and Betty Hague Gledhill

"I would like much to have seen you and your mother, but I could not do so. I have not much money, but I have teams to move with and hope to find a place where I can live my few remaining days without being such a slave as I have been for the last few years. . . . Think kindly of me as you can, for Heaven only knows the pangs I endure, when I think of the scattered condition of my family, and the situation they, and myself are in Regret is now useless, it is only for all to do the best we can in the future, and strive to forget the past."

In 1882 he and Mathilda moved to Indian Valley in Idaho. In that same year the Edmunds Act, which outlawed cohabitation, was enacted and enforced with many arrests. Alice had land in Weber Canyon where she lived until it was too difficult for her to maintain. She died at age 73 in Salem in 1893, a couple of weeks before Bernard died. Sarah lived out her days in Vermillion, and died at age 67 in 1900. Violet had three children with John Lehi Ivie while living in Vermillion. She died also in 1900 at age 51 from heart trouble. Anne died in 1928 in Jensen, near Vernal, at age 100. Florentine, who lived many years in Ephraim where her parents lived, was in Levan for the 1900 Census, working as a servant. She married at age 62 Anders Rosequist of Levan. When he died ten years later, she appears to have lived with her children in Provo and nearby Pleasantview, until her death at age 85 in 1935.

Bernard lived ten years in Idaho before his death on 22 February 1893. While having been confined for three weeks with stomach, lung and heart troubles, his obituary reports that he died suddenly. *"Five minutes before dying he was seated before the fire, from where he arose and walked to his bed, and breathed his last before his sorrowing family and friends could hardly realize what had occurred."* His funeral was the largest ever seen at that time in Indian Valley. He was the father of thirty children, nine of whom died in infancy or childhood. His obituary reads: *In politics he was Democratic until 1892, when he joined the People's party. He was an earnest advocate of the free coinage of silver, but in politics, as in other things, he was always willing to look with respect and consideration upon the opinions of others. He was always kind and obliging; always ready to aid right and condemn wrong, and by his death Washington county, Idaho., loses one of its best and ablest citizens.*

Mathilda died at age 76 in 1921. She was also buried at Indian Valley.



Bernard Snow

At one time Bernard said, *"There is no knife sharp enough to cut out of my soul the Spirit of God that is burning with me."* In January 1898, four years after Bernard's death, his second son Seymour B. Snow went up in the temple to talk with President Lorenzo Snow to see what could be done about Bernard's status. Seymour wrote to his half-sister Minnie and told of this experience.

Pres. Snow, having just listened to a choir in the temple sing the hymn written by Bernard Snow, "God Bless Our Prophet Dear," had been pondering what condition Bernard was in, and it had come to him that "Bernard Snow will have the same blessing that he had before he came to this earth," and the thought "went through him like electricity." It was at this point Bernard's son Seymour interrupted Pres. Snow's thoughts and began talking with Pres. Snow about if Bernard would lose his families in the eternities.

Pres. Snow responded, "No, your father will have his wives and children and he will meet you on the other side of the vale and you will all rejoice." He told Seymour to go and get baptized for him. After doing that Pres. Snow "laid his hands on my head and reconfirmed the blessings and . . . said to me, . . . this places your father in a condition for time and eternity, and I rejoiced in the Lord, and I praise his holy name."



Bernard Snow headstone
at Indian Valley, ID



Seymour Bernard
Snow

John Edward, son of Edward Gledhill and Betty Hague

John Edward Gledhill

John Edward Gledhill Obituary

Richfield Reaper, January 1, 1911

Death Calls John E Gledhill

Death called one of the "old residents of this county on Sunday at noon, when John E. Gledhill died at Vermillion. He was 74 years of age and leaves a wife and family. He was in the mercantile business at Vermillion for years and was well known throughout the County and Sanpete County as well as other parts of the state.

He leaves a wife [Elizabeth Ann Handley] and six children and many grandchildren. The sons are John Gledhill of Richfield, William Gledhill of Vermillion, and Albert Gledhill of Boulder. His daughters are Mrs. John [Elizabeth Ann] Thalman and Mrs. Aaron [Alice Sophia] Bulkley of Vermillion and Mrs. Nephi [Violet] Anderson of Sigurd. [Preceed-ing him in death were Joseph Thomas (1872-1896), and Mrs. Edvald (Mary Hettie) Malmquist (1875-1894).]

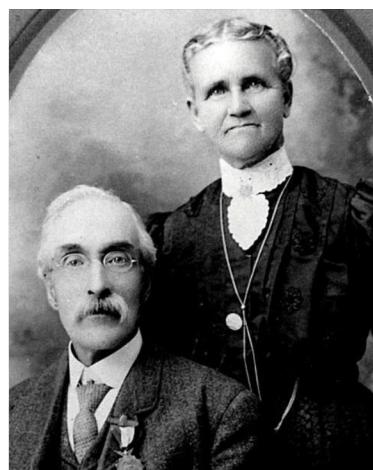
Deceased was a resident of this state for upwards of 47 years and lived most of that time in this county. He first settled at Gunnison, then moved to various towns in Sanpete county. He came to Sevier about 20 years ago.

He engaged in farming, and about 10 years ago he opened a store there. He was actively engaged in the latter business up till the time of his demise. He came to Richfield about ten days ago on business and contracted a severe cold. This developed into pneumonia from which he died on Sunday.

Funeral services could not be arranged definitely until the arrival of his son Albert from Boulder.



John Edward Gledhill and Elisabeth Ann Handley Gledhill Family
Back: Albert Franklin, Elizabeth Ann, James William, Alice Sophia, John Edward, Jr.
Front: Violet Amelia, John Edward, Elisabeth Ann Handley Gledhill



John Edward and Elisabeth Ann Handley Gledhill



John Edward Gledhill's headstone in the Vermillion cemetery, located north of Vermillion, west of Highway 89

Mary, daughter of Edward Gledhill and Betty Hague

Mary Gledhill Barton Dallin

by Janese Christensen

Mary and William Gilbert Barton lived in Mt. Pleasant and had one son, who was named William Gilbert Barton, Jr. In 1878 Mary's husband William was excommunicated for apostasy. He died in 1891 at age 50.

Their son did business in Eureka, homesteaded in Sevier Co. in 1894 and was postmaster in Vermillion in 1899. He died in January 23, 1901 in Eureka/Tintic of pneumonia, leaving a wife but no children.

On last Tuesday morning William Barton was found lying dead, near the kitchen stove, having expired very suddenly. Mr. Barton had been suffering considerably for years with heart disease but within the last month or so had been troubled very much with his affliction. He was compelled in order to obtain any rest some nights to sit up all night resting his head on something. On the morning stated, he arose as usual and building the fire went out to the corral. He returned and when found by his wife was laying on the floor, a bruise on his head as though he had fallen against the stove. The position of the body would also indicate that he was sitting in a chair when the last stroke came. The funeral took place Thursday, and was attended by a large number of friends, Rev. R. I. Steed officiating.

William Barton was born in Illinois and at his death was about 51 years of age. He came to Utah when about 12, and for a number of years has been a resident of San Pete. He was known as an upright and honest citizen, and all who knew him were his friends. He leaves a wife, son, three brothers and a sister to mourn his loss. The sympathy of all is extended to the family of the deceased.—*Pyramid*.

William Gilbert Barton, Sr. death, County Register, Apr. 30, 1891



William Gilbert
Barton, Sr.



Mary Gledhill with probably William
Gilbert Barton, Sr.



Mary and William G. Barton's home in Mt. Pleasant, was located at 189 East 300 South, purchased in 1887. Brother-in-law John Lehi Ivie owned the property from 1881-1884. It was in the Barton family until 1947.

In 1904 Mary married John Dallin of Springville, uncle to sculptor Cyrus E. Dallin. He was a miner, brewer and merchant. John built the Geneva Resort and sailed yachts on Utah Lake.

In 1910 Mary contracted typhoid, was an invalid afterwards for 2 1/2 years and died on March 12, 1912. John died on April 22, 1917. For some reason 1917 is the death date on Mary's headstone in Mt. Pleasant.



Mary Gledhill
Barton



Mary's headstone in
Mt. Pleasant

PIONEER CALLED

Mrs. Mary Barton Dallin, for many years a well known and respected resident of this city, passed to her reward Tuesday at her home in Springville at the age of 73. Last Friday a telegram was received by friends here that Mrs. Dallin had passed away that morning. The following day another message was received that she had revived after being apparently dead for eight hours. She lingered on four days when the final summons came that ended the earthly career of a good and true woman. She is survived by a husband and several brothers and sisters. Funeral services were held yesterday in Presbyterian church.

Mary Gledhill Barton Dallin,
Mt. Pleasant Pyramid
March 15, 1912, page 8

Mary and William G. Barton's home at 44 W 100 S, 1890-1909, received at the death of William's parents. Cary Ann Christensen Taylor's uncle Ron Greene also once owned this property.



Ann Gledhill Scovill

Death of Ann Gledhill Scovill

Letter from Bernard Snow to his wife,
Sarah Gledhill Broadbent Snow,

My Dear Sarah,

It is with peculiar feelings that I sit down to write to you. Truly "In the midst of life we are in death." Sister Ann departed this life yesterday (Wednesday) at 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

We all feel disappointed that you could not be here at the funeral, but perhaps it is all for the best, for it is a long and cold journey for you and little "Minnie" so young as she is [2 1/2 months], and would incur considerable risk.

Considerable hopes were entertained of her recovery till a very short time before she died, but a change came over her very suddenly, and she passed away. She had every attention and care which could be bestowed on her by all concerned. Dr. M--- from Nephi was here the day before, and remained till she died, and the morning of the day she died, he was confident she would recover, but God in his wise providence had ordered it otherwise, and though the blow seems severe to father, mother, brothers & sisters, and I believe especially so to Amasa [her husband] and Sarah [Comstock Scovill, Amasa's first plural wife].

I feel that true affection existed between Ann and her husband, and where such does exist it is one of the most severe trials, and one of hardest ties to rend.

While I write I am at Amasa's. William & Mary [Gledhill Barton], Violet [Gledhill] and Amelia [Gledhill] are here. Ann's lifeless tabernacle lies in the other room, while we feel that her spirit and Betsy [Gledhill]'s are hovering about us, and though you are absent from us by force of circumstances we feel that you are present with us in sympathy and feelings.

The little girl seems to be doing well and nurses the bottle readily and we feel in hopes it will live and grow up. Bro. Amasa says this is the heaviest stroke of affliction he ever felt, and to loose the babe would be like losing his last drop of blood. The girl is named Violet Lorana and is a very pretty babe. The funeral takes place tomorrow (Friday) at one o'clock. . . .

All unite in sending their love to you. Sister Sara [Comstock] Scovill sends her best wishes, and says she is anxious to see your baby.

Violet says tell Sarah [Gledhill Broadbent Snow] that her health is some better than it was. She says the folks are not willing to have her leave just now, and she will stay till I come down again. She sends a kiss for Minnie.

Your husband Bernard

P.S. Amelia says she would like to come down when Violet comes, "but she's a young thing and cannot leave her mother."

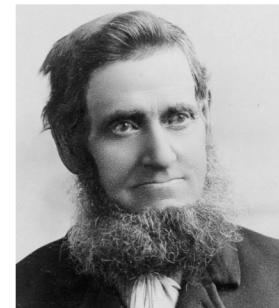
There seems to be a little dispute between the old lady and the girls, so I don't know what it will be called.

B Snow -- There will be a funeral sermon preached next Sunday.

Mt. Pleasant
January 6, 1870



Ann Gledhill, 1866



Amasa Scovill

History of Amasa Scovill

by Janese Christensen

Amasa Scovill was born in Vienna, Ohio 18 Feb. 1815. He married Laura Ruggles in 1840 and they had one son, Henry, before she died. In 1845 he married Sarah Comstock Ballon, a widow who was 12 years older than him. Her three living children were all married within three years after her marriage to Amasa. They had no children together, but she would have raised his and Laura's son Henry. In 1850 they lived in Hillsdale, Michigan where he worked as a farmer. In 1860 they lived in Washtenaw and he worked as a millwright.

At age 48 Amasa came to Utah in 1863, his wife Sarah having joined the Church previously. He was baptized in 1864. He served two enlistments in the Utah Territorial Militia and was a sergeant. He enlisted 1 April 1866 and served 7 months, and then re-enlisted again 1 May 1867 and served again for 6 months.

When he was 53 he married Ann Gledhill as a second wife in 1868. Ann was 26 years old. He was working as a sawyer in Mt. Pleasant in 1870. Ann died a little over a year later in January 1870, shortly after the birth of their daughter Violet Lorana, (name changed to Lorana Ann Scovill after her mother's death). Lorana would grow-up and marry and be the mother of eight children.

About 18 months after Lorana's birth Amasa married Clarissa Guyman, on 24 April 1871. She was 18 years old, 36 years younger than he was. She bore ten children.

In 1881 they were called to settle Castle Valley and Amasa built a sawmill there, known as the Joe's Valley Water Power Mill. They settled in Orangeville, UT, where Sarah died in 1885 and in 1896 Amasa died at age 81, six years after his youngest child was born.



Lorana Ann Scovill & Joseph H. Jewkes

Lorana Ann Jewkes was the daughter of Amasa and Ann Gledhill Scovill, and was born at Mt. Pleasant December 22, 1869, her mother died when she was two weeks old and she had known well the hardship of an early day when she was married July 31, 1887, to Joseph H. Jewkes. The marriage was first performed in Orangeville and was later repeated in the Manti temple, following which they had made their permanent home in Orangeville. Mrs. Jewkes was known for her beautiful voice and had also been active in Sunday school and Relief society circles.

Surviving her, in addition to her husband, are the following children: County Clerk J. Ben Jewkes, Mrs. Jennie Peacock, wife of County Attorney W. G. Peacock jr., Mrs. Fred Fail, and Floyd, Reuben, Ina, and Dortha, all of Orangeville.

Emery County Progress, Oct. 9, 1920

Mrs. Clarissa Scovill, a well known citizen of Orangeville, passed away March 13, 1921, following a long illness. Mrs. Scovill was the daughter of Noah T. and Elizabeth Ann Jones Guymon. She was the first white child born in American Fork. She married Amasa Scovill, April 24, 1879, and they moved to Emery county ten years later. Her husband died in 1896.

Emery County Progress, Apr. 4, 1955

Joseph Jewkes Rites Held

by Mrs. Ray B. Humphrey

Orangeville—

Funeral services for Joseph H. Jewkes were held Monday in the Orangeville Ward Chapel with Bp. Raymond R. Sitterud officiating. "Uncle Joe" died Oct. 5 at the home of a daughter, Mrs. Carlyle Jones, following a long illness, at the age of 86.

He was born in Fountain Green April 6, 1869 and was married to Lorana Ann Scovill July 30, 1887. To them were born eight children, three of whom are now living, Rheuben, Ina Jewkes and Dortha Jones, all of Orangeville. He moved with his parents, Samuel and Mary Gardner Jewkes, to this community with the early settlers driving an ox team from Fountain Green to Orangeville when only 11 years old. They had to pay fifty cents for each wagon driver over the old toll road up Fairview Canyon. From then on he helped pioneer Castle Valley. One of his first jobs was to carry water for the canal builders to drink.

He assisted in operating the saw mill and grist mill which his father and brothers brought into the valley.

Perhaps the most outstanding talent of "Uncle Joe" was his musical ability playing in the band when eight years old and later leading the Orangeville band for many years and playing the cornet, organ or some other instrument in the town orchestra which played for the dances or between scenes of the local dramas.

"Uncle Joe", as all his friends called him, was health officer and registrar of vital statistics for years and many a dark hour was brightened by his daily visits to those folks who were quarantined. He served as a counselor to Bishop Henry M. Reid for 16 years and was a high priest at the time of his death.

Burial was in the Orangeville cemetery under the direction of the Witbeck Funeral Home of Castle Dale.

Emery County Progress, Oct. 13, 1955

Ann, daughter of Edward Gledhill and Betty Hague



Lorana Ann Scovill & Joseph H. Jewkes family in about 1915

at the completion of the first grist mill. He also tells of the hard winter the first year they settled here when 200 head of their cattle froze to death. "Uncle Joe" has helped many youth in their musical ambitions, giving them the benefit of his talents and encouraging word.

Emery County Progress, Apr 14, 1955

Betsy, daughter of Edward Gledhill and Betty Hague

Betsy Gledhill

"[Peter Gottfredson] noticed Betsy Gledhill one day and said to his companion, John Edward Gledhill, 'I want to meet that girl. I will have to find someone who knows her.' His friend said, 'Well, that will be easy because she is my sister.' Betsy agreed to become Peter's wife. Marriage had to be put off as Peter had to work very hard during the summer season and most of the time he was away freighting, herding or logging. Betsy only saw Peter on rare occasions during the summer.

"In the spring of 1869, when Peter made his way to Mt. Pleasant he found that Betsy was ill. He had to return to his job but left money for medicine for her. Peter had barely gotten back to his work when he received word that Betsy had died on April 1, 1869. He rode as fast as he could to Mt. Pleasant hoping to make it for the funeral, but just as he got there he saw the mourners leaving the cemetery. Peter was broken-hearted." [from **Pioneer Women of Faith and Fortitude**, p. 1101]



Betsy Gledhill



Peter Gottfredson

At Mount Pleasant, April 1st, 1869, of inflammation of the bowels, Betsy Gledhill, aged 2 years, 1 month and 9 days. She came to this country last fall from Oldham, England.

Deseret News, April 14, 1869

Superintendent Registrar's District

Ashton and Oldham

Registrar's District *Oldham above Town*

1846. BIRTHS in the District of *Oldham above Town* in the County of *Lancaster*

No.	When Born.	Name, if any.	Sex.	Name and Surname of Father.	Name and Maiden Surname of Mother.	Rank or Profession of Father.	Signature, Description, and Residence of Informant.	When Registered.	Signature of Registrar.	Baptismal Name, if added after Registration of Birth.
417	Twenty second of February 1846 Dintcan Lane Oldham	Betsy	Female	Edward Gledhill	Betsy Gledhill formerly Hague	Winder on of Works	Hux Mark of Betsy Gledhill Mother Dintcan Lane Oldham	Second of April 1846	John Gardiner Deputy Registrar	

Violet, daughter of Edward Gledhill and Betty Hague

Violet Gledhill Ivie

by Janese Christensen

Violet Gledhill was born May 31, 1849 at Dircar Lane, Oldham, Oldham above Town, Lancashire, England to Edward and Betty Hague Gledhill. At age 12 she worked as a Cotton Weaver. She was baptized December 10, 1862 at age 13 by Miles Park Romney. With her parents and five siblings she emigrated to Utah in 1868, sailing on the Emerald Isle and crossing the plains with the Edward Mumford company. Six months later on March 29, 1869 she married Bernard Snow, husband of her sister Sarah and became his sixth plural wife, living in Springville. She was 19 years old at the time and Bernard was 47. They had two children: William Herbert Snow, who lived to have with Lydia Hoopes Colby the largest family in Sevier County, having 18 children; and Lilly Violet Snow, who died shortly after birth.

She divorced Snow due to legal pressures against polygamy, and was living in Vermillion, Utah by 1877, where she taught school. She married John Lehi Ivie, age 48, on September 14, 1881 when she was 32. They had three children, one who lived to adulthood: David Russell Ivie (1884-1968), Elmer Q. Ivie (1887-1888), and Luta Irene Ivie (1889-1903). She died at age 51 at Fish Lake from heart problems. She is buried in Richfield.

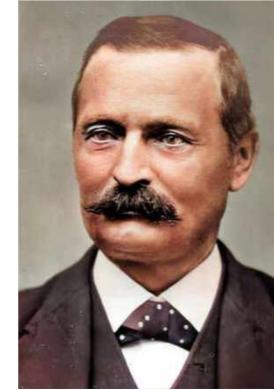


Fifteen were alive at the time of this picture, Bernard, Herbert Jr. and a baby had died. Back: Reuben, Beatrice, Melvin, Wave, Lamar, Luella. Center: Edna, Herbert, with baby Irene on lap, Lydia with baby on lap, Marcus, Kate and Wanda. Front: Twins, Bertha and Dortha, Minnie.

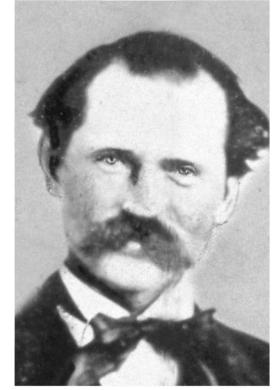
(Picture courtesy Madge Bastian, Sigurd)



Violet Gledhill



Bernard Snow



John Lehi Ivie



Children of John Lehi Ivie: Back left is David Russell--son of Violet Gledhill. The rest are children of Mary Catherine Barton: Ray, Alden Salathiel, and James Oscar Front: Ida Priscilla, Catherine May, and Lilly Belle--wife of Thomas Gledhill

Joseph, son of Edward Gledhill and Betty Hague

Joseph Gledhill

by Janese Christensen

Joseph was born June 8, 1852 at Pit Bank, Oldham Above Town, Lancashire, England to Edward and Betty Hague Gledhill. He was baptized February 16, 1863 at age 10 by Miles Park Romney. He emigrated at age 16 with his parents and five siblings, sailing on the Emerald Isle and crossing the plains with the Edward Mumford wagon company, arriving in Salt Lake City on September 24, 1868. On the 1870 Census he was living with his sisters Sarah Gledhill Snow and Violet Gledhill Snow in Springville.

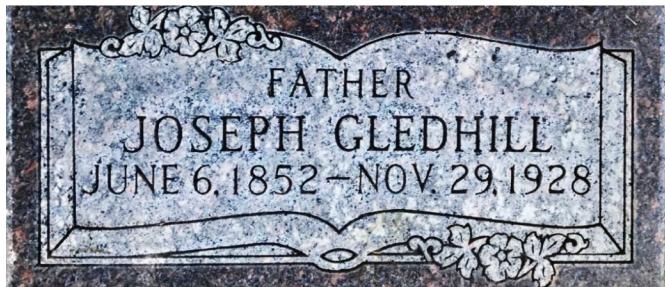
Joseph Gledhill was naturalized in 1874 and became a citizen in October 1888. According to Peter Gottfredson, Joseph came to Vermillion in 1875. He was Vermillion's first school teacher. He married Martha Rebecca Acord in 1878.

In 1880, according to the census, he was living with his wife Martha Rebecca Acord and daughter Elizabeth in Glenwood, where Martha's parents were also living. The couple were sealed in the Manti Temple on November 20, 1889. They had ten children, seven living until adulthood and marrying. Most were born in Vermillion, but some in Mt. Pleasant.

He was an election judge along with Thomas Gledhill in Vermillion in 1895. In 1900 he lists his occupation as farmer and owned his house and land. In 1907 the Richfield Reaper reports that he was a member of Sigurd's theatrical troupe. He played the lead of Michael Earl in "Michael Earl, the Maniac Lover."

He was the postmaster of Vermillion in 1909, and on the 1910 census listed himself as a laborer of odd jobs. He owned his home and farm. He was a registrar of vital statistics in 1907 and 1923. He was an enumerator for the census of students for Sevier School District many years, starting in 1918 and ending in 1925.

In August 1927 he left Vermillion and moved with his youngest children, son Alton Levan and daughter Zelphia, to California where his oldest son Joseph was living. He died a year later in San Diego on November 28, 1928 at age 76. He is buried in the Greenwood Memorial Park Cemetery in San Diego. He outlived six of his ten children.



Joseph Gledhill's headstone in the Greenwood memorial Park Cemetery in San Diego



Joseph and Martha Rebecca Acord Gledhill

GLEDHILL—In this city Nov. 28, 1928, Joseph Gledhill, husband of Rebecca Gledhill, father of J. V. Gledhill of San Fernando, Calif., and A. L. Gledhill of San Diego, Velpa Gledhill of San Diego and Mrs. R. O. Van Quill of Butte, Mont.; a native of England, aged 77 years.
Friends are invited to attend the funeral services tomorrow (Saturday) at 2 p. m. from the Merkley University Undertaking Parlors, 3655 Fifth avenue. Interment Greenwood cemetery.

History of Grandmother Amelia Jane Gledhill Gottfredson

by Madge Bastian



Amelia Gledhill

Grandmother Amelia Gledhill Gottfredson was born May 31, 1854 in Oldham, Lancashire, England. She was the daughter of Edward Gledhill and Betty Hague Gledhill. She with her family were converted to the Gospel and came to America in 1868. Little is known of her childhood up to this time. However her young womanhood was lived as all ordinary pioneer girls lived, which was a hard life, but also a happy one.

In 1866 she became acquainted with Peter Gottfredson, who was courting her sister Betsy, with the intention of marrying her. In the winter her sister became ill and died in April of 1869, while Peter was away [from] Mt. Pleasant, Utah. Not wishing to return to Richfield [actually Mt. Pleasant] where Betsy and Amelia lived, Peter went back to Mt. Pleasant [actually Thistle] to herd sheep.

He began corresponding with Amelia and they were married in the Endowment House the 22 of April 1872. They lived in Salt Lake until the last of May, then they moved to Bernard Snow's saw mill in Oak Creek. Grandfather contracted to haul logs with his brother-in-law Thomas Gledhill, who was 16 at the time. Grandmother did the cooking for the men there. They got along nicely until the Indians started molesting them, and were advised to move out. Grandmother went to Spring City to her sisters. On the 10th of April 1873 her first child was born and was given the name of James Edward.

In the fall of 1873, Grandmother came to Richfield. In March 1874 my grandfather went to Vermillion to stake out land and use the Cedar Ridge water. The United Order was started that spring. Grandfather decided he didn't want to build a farm for the United Order, so they went to Mount Pleasant to work.

In the spring of 1875 they came back to Vermillion where their second child, Maud Amelia was born. During the year of 1880 Grandfather started building a rock home for Grandmother, which was the first rock house in Vermillion (owned now, by Homer Barron). On July 10, 1881 their fifth child was born in the rock house, and he was named Arthur, who is my father. [Previously William Hans and Rosella Ann had been born.]

The following winter their daughter Maude Amelia took scarlet fever and died. Four [five] children were later born to them: Carrie Helena, Wilford Peter, Violet Adell, Vida Severine, [and a still born girl in 1893].

Grandmother's life was very hard, as they had very little means to do with. In the winter of 1883 Grandmother had been ailing.

Grandfather had Ida Ivie, daughter of her sister's husband, doing the house work. He hoped as spring opened her health would improve, but in this he was disappointed. She was afflicted with abdominal dropsy. He had Dr. Samuel Allen of Mt. Pleasant come out. He tapped her abdomen and drew out more than a gallon of water. It accumulated again and she was again tapped. It did not help her [and] Dr. Allen could not remain. So Grandfather had D. H. K. Neil of Richfield come down. He tapped her once but found it did no good. (Minnie Dastrup told Grandfather her bladder was petrified. And to complicate things she was pregnant and bore a still-born daughter the fore part of February. But her condition grew worse.)

She died on the 17th of March 1893, and was buried in the Sigurd Cemetery beside her two daughters, Maud Amelia and Rosella Ann. Grandfather had grave stones made at Manti for each grave. And he and his children placed a good iron fence around the lot. Later cement was put all over the lot except for one place which was left for Grandfather.



Peter Gottfredson Family, abt 1896,
Back- Arthur, Wilford Peter, William Hans, Carrie Helena;
Front-Peter with Louella, Ethel Adell Hatch, Vida Severine, James Edward
with Edna, Georgia Eliza Hatch, Violet Adell, Alice Adell Keeler with Lenore

Peter Gottfredson, husband to Amelia, daughter of Edward Gledhill and Betty Hague

OBITUARIES.

A SADNESS and gloom has overcast our little ward of Vermillion, by the death of our noble sister and collaborer in the Relief Society and wife of our worthy Bishop.

Amelia Gottfredson was the daughter of Edward and Betty Gledhill was born in Oldham, Lancashire, England, May 31st 1854, she came to Utah with her parents in 1868, married Peter Gottfredson in 1872, they made their home in Mt. Pleasant, Sanpete Co. for three or four years, then moved to Vermillion Sevier Co. where they have resided ever since.

At the Organization of the Relief Society of this ward in 1880. Sister Gottfredson was chosen first Counselor which position she held till her death. She also was Assistant to the President of the Primary Association. Sister Gottfredson is well known by many, as her home has ever been a haven of rest to our brethren traveling through our little ward.

She died on the 17th of March 1893, at the age of 38 years, 9 months and 17 days. She was surrounded by her family, brothers and sisters, (except her youngest brother who is absent on a Mission in England.)

She leaves a kind husband and 7 children (the youngest only 2 years old) and many relatives and friends to mourn her loss. She suffered for many months with dropsy, but died peacefully at last like a true Latter-day Saint resigned to the will of the Lord.

May she rest in peace till the morning of the resurrection and we be worthy to meet her.

VIOLET IVIE.

Woman's Exponent, 1893-04-01, Page 8

Peter Gottfredson

by Janese Christensen

Peter Gottfredson was born in Jutland, Denmark on April 17, 1846. His family all converted to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in 1851 and emigrated to America in 1855, arriving in Utah in 1858 along with Johnston's Army. Peter was 12. They settled in Salt Lake and his father worked as a cooper while Peter hired out to do miscellaneous work. The family moved to Ephraim in 1858, and to Mt. Pleasant in 1860. Peter herded sheep around Thistle Valley. There learned the Indian's language and customs. His family was called to settle Omni (later named Richfield) in 1864.

Peter enrolled in the militia in 1865 as the Black Hawk Indian War broke out. He served until November 1867. In 1868 he traveled to Salt Lake City and worked at a saw mill in Big Cottonwood Canyon, then worked on building track for the Union Pacific Railroad at the mouth of Echo Canyon, then Weber Canyon. He became engaged to Betsy Gledhill, but she died April 1, 1869, before they could marry.

He was at the Golden Spike celebration at Promontory Point in 1869. In 1870-1872 he hauled hay and lumber from Sanpete Valley to mines in Pioche, Nevada. In 1872 bought 75 head of Texas Longhorn cattle and became a cattle man. He married Amelia Gledhill, Betsy's sister, April 22, 1872 in the Salt Lake Endowment House. Betsy was sealed to him at that time with Amelia acting as proxy. They would have eleven children.

Peter was then employed by Bernard Snow, Amelia's brother-in-law, at a saw mill situated in the canyon east of Spring City. Amelia was a cook here for the lumber crew. Their first son, James Edward, was born April 10, 1873. In 1874 Peter homesteaded 160 acres at Vermillion, clearing the land. He built a house from the stone he cleared, doing all the masonry and carpenter work, making his own mortar from the gypsum he gathered from the surrounding hills. They moved into the rock house by 1876.

In 1876 Peter was the first presiding elder and then in 1877 bishop of the Vermillion Ward. He served for 20 years. Vermillion was granted a voting precinct, and a school district. Peter did the surveying for the eight-mile long Vermillion canal. It was completed in 1877. Peter was Justice of the Peace for eight years. Then he was elected a Sevier County Commissioner and was instrumental in getting the court house built.

He got into sheep growing, but his flock was largely wiped out by sub-zero temperature in 1891. In March 1893 Amelia died, leaving him with seven children to care for, the youngest living one being age two. He married Alice Adell Keeler on July 18, 1893, a widow with two daughters and a school teacher. They would have six children. He



Peter Gottfredson

In 1896 he built the railroad grade between Salina and Richfield. In 1900 he setup a blacksmith shop but in 1901 he struck his left wrist against a piece of rusty iron that pierced his skin. As a result he nearly lost both his life and the limb, but feels he was saved from the fasting and prayers of Ward members. That arm was always smaller afterward. It took many painful months to recovery, with him unable to work and the privation was hard on all.

During this recovery time he turned to writing some memories of the Indian Wars and submitting them for publication. This led eventually to his book **Indian Depredation in Utah**, a carefully research and comprehensive effort that was published in 1919. Later on many men could only prove their claim for war pensions and veteran services because of the research he had done.

Eventually he engaged in beekeeping and ran a carpenter shop. Yielding to pleadings from his wife they moved to Richfield, and later Manti. However his poor health and struggles contributed to a marital breach that continued to enlarge and enlarge, leading to their divorce on July 15, 1913.

He moved to Springville to better research his book. There he married in 1914 at age 68 a widowed acquaintance from his youth, Rachel Scovil Mason. She died in 1921. He then lived winters with his children in California, and later at the Soldier's Home in Sawtelle, CA. He helped 50 veterans from the Utah Indian Wars to live there. He lived in Richfield and Springville in the summers. He died, surrounded by family, in Richfield two months shy of his 88th birthday.

Thomas Gledhill

by his daughter Ida Belle Christensen Buchanan

Thomas Gledhill was born on April 17, 1856 in Oldham, Lancashire, England, the youngest of thirteen children of Edward and Betty Hague Gledhill. The family had joined the Mormon church before Thomas was born. In 1855 the oldest daughter Sarah and her husband Edward Broadbent moved to Utah. In 1862 three more of the family members (John, Mary, Ann) moved to Utah, and Sophia died during the voyage [actually at Florence, Nebraska].

Six years later the rest of the family moved to Utah. They sailed on a ship called the "Emerald Isle." The voyage took 3 months and 12 days. They arrived in New York on August 11, 1868 and took a train from there to Benton, Iowa, [actually WY] arriving August 25, 1868. There they were outfitted with wagons and mules. They crossed the plains in company of 650 people and 62 wagons led by Capt. John A. Holmes [actually Edward Mumford]. Thomas was 12 years old at the time. The family settled in Mt. Pleasant, Utah near the family members who had come earlier.

Thomas and his family arrived in Utah during the latter part of the Black Hawk War with the Indians. Although he was too young to be heavily involved in the fighting, occasionally he was called on to stand guard or to herd the cattle during the Indian scares. He was 16 years old and present, when Dan Miller became the last fatality of the war on September 26, 1872. This happened at a sawmill that was about 3 miles east of Spring City.

As Thomas told the story, the mill had been shut down because of fear of the Indians, but a school house was being built and Peter Gottfredson, who was married to Thomas' sister Amelia, had obtained the contract for the lumber for the school house. Peter, Thomas, Dan Miller and his 13 year old son, also named Dan, and the mill's caretaker Mr. Higbee were working at the sawmill to make the lumber for the contract. Just below the sawmill was a camphouse, which was located between the road and the creek. Further down the road was a pile of poles.

It was Saturday and the men were going to go into town for Sunday. Pete got up at daybreak and went from the camp house up to the mill. Thomas went up to a meadow and got the horses, and hitched them up to their wagon. He also yoked the oxen up. The Millers finished their preparations first and left for town while the others were eating breakfast. As the Millers rounded the pile of poles and a patch of oak below the camp house, some Indians began firing on them. Dan Miller was hit by bullets in the arm, side, bowels, and back. His son was hit in the thigh and wrist. Miller's son jumped from the wagon and tried to get back to the camp house. The Indians headed him off and he turned and went down the road where he met some men from Spring City who were looking for some Indians who had run off some stock.

The others at the camp house heard the shooting, but thought that the Millers were just shooting at a coyote, so they finished breakfast. Then they heard a wagon coming very fast, and Thomas remarked, "That fellow drives awfully fast up hill." Then they heard the driver shout "There is a man shot all to pieces below this house," and knew that there had been trouble. They

ushered outside and saw three more men on horses coming at full speed up the road. The Indians tried to cut these men off from the camp house, but they got through.

The Indians then disappeared, and all the men went down the road to look for Dan Miller. They found that the Indians had drug him about a rod from where he fell and had lain his face in a large bed of cactus. The Indians had taken his gun, food, bedding, and mules. Thomas and the others lifted Dan Miller out of the cactus, and discovered that he was still alive. They began picking out the cactus spines. Pete went to the wagon to find a bucket to go get some water. There was no bucket in the wagon, so he ran down to the creek to fill his hat with water. He was very nervous, and a burned willow bush looked too much like an Indian to him, however, and in his hurry to get back he didn't get much water. The men made a litter from some poles, blankets, and overalls, and carried Dan Miller to his wagon, hitched up their horses, and began the trip back to Spring City. Thomas stood guard over the men from the top of a hill while the others made preparations to go, then he drove Miller's wagon.

On the trip back, Dan Miller told them to not blame the Indians, because they didn't know any better. He said that he would like to see his twin boys before he died. However, he died on the trip back to town. Thomas's father-in-law John Lehi Ivie got together a party to hunt for the Indians, but no Indians were ever found.

With the end of the Black Hawk War, the settlers moved back into the Sevier Valley which had been abandoned during the conflict. In 1875, when Thomas was 19, he went to Vermillion, Utah to live with Peter Gottfredson, who had been called to settle there by the river, by Brigham Young. He lived in a log cabin then. A short time later Thomas brought his parents from Mt. Pleasant to Vermillion where they all lived in a dugout, until an adobe house could be finished. This house was north of Vermillion on a three-corner piece of ground where the railroad and highway run today.

From 1877 to 1880 Thomas freighted supplies to the mining towns of Silver Reef, Utah and Pioche, Nevada. He and Pete were partners in the effort. They freighted hay, grain, butter, and eggs and did most of their traveling at night to keep the food fresher. One time they were able to sell their hay for \$125 a ton.

Thomas also made many trips back to Mt. Pleasant, and on one of those trips he met Lillie Belle Ivie. He courted her. They fell in love and were married in Pete's cabin in Vermillion on January 8, 1882. He was 25 years old and she was 16. Belle's father John Lehi Ivie and his third wife Violet Gledhill were the witnesses for the marriage.

They made their first home in Mt. Pleasant and Thomas got a job carrying the mail between Mt. Pleasant and Manti. Their first child, Thomas Ray, was born to them there. After a year and a half they moved back to Vermillion. Thomas took up 160 acres of land, some on the hillside and some on the river bottom near the Rocky Ford over the Sevier River. They build a log cabin just below the ford.

Thomas, son of Edward Gledhill and Betty Hague

On July 6, 1888, Thomas' father Edward died. At the funeral his mother Betty caught pneumonia. She died 12 days later on July 18, 1888. Thomas and his sister Mary Gledhill Barton did the temple work for them on May 23, 1889 at the newly dedicated Manti Temple. [Family records indicate that son John Edward and daughter Sarah were the proxies for Edward and Betty for their endowments. John Lehi Ivie was proxy for sealing the children to the couple. Mary was not present.]

On September 11, 1892, fourteen days after the birth of Fred, Thomas was called on a mission to England. His brother-in-law James Oscar Ivie was also called at the same time. He left his family two days later on September 13th to go on his mission. The following was written by Alice Gottfredson, Peter's second wife, for their farewell party.

Brothers and sisters, dear friends one and all,
We've met here tonight your attention to call
To these brethren the time when from us they take leave,
The gospel to their hearts more closely to cleave.
From wives, children, and friends they sadly depart,
The thought of obedience foremost in their hearts.
To leave all that's dear in their own mountain home
And go far away among strangers to roam
With Him for dependence in good or in ill.
They trust all to God, His promises to fill
That their families will be blessed with food and with clothes,
That the destroyer will pass by them as it did those of old,

That the good spirit of heaven their stay will remain
And help them through trials their faith to maintain.
For the support of their families is indeed quite a load
Added to our dear sisters' already difficult road.

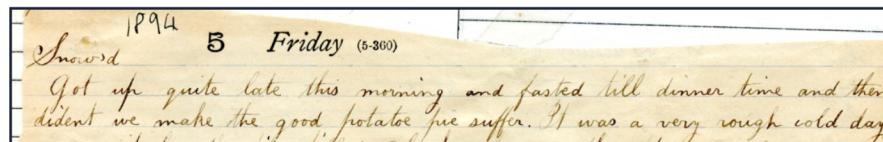
But how bravely they shouldered and carried it on.
Oh! Tell it who will there's no mortal who can.
Only that all seeing eye of our Creator above
Can tell what they suffered for His divine love.

O bless them we pray thee for their patient endurance,
And bless their dear husbands for their love of Thy work.
We thank thee dear Father for guiding their labors.
We thank thee for these who have come from afar.

May the gospel seeds sown never cease to spring upward,
May the flowers bloom sweetly, the fruit ripen in love,
And may the glad tidings that they have resounded
Gather many to Zion to praise God above.

And again we feel thankful we have them now with us.
We praise Him that the lives of their families are spared,
And that we all meet tonight and with one heart rejoice
In thanking our Maker for the gospel we've shared.

Thomas had the opportunity of going to a formal school for only six months, during the time he lived in England, but he was a great reader and a fine penman, and was considered a well-read man. The following is an example of his handwriting, which is taken from . . . his missionary journal.



Entry from Thomas Gledhill's missionary journal

Thomas traveled by cart to Salina where he caught the train to Mt. Pleasant. He visited some relatives there and got a Patriarchal Blessing. The next day he left on the train for Salt Lake City. In Salt Lake City he participated in the Republican convention, was instructed and set apart for his mission, and, while walking in the streets, met President Woodruff who told them about his mission to England.

Thomas left Salt Lake City for New York City by train on September 17, 1892. He stopped in Chicago long enough to go see the grounds of the World's Fair, and finally arrived in New York on September 22. While in New York he went to see the Brooklyn Bridge, Castle Gardens, and the Statue of Liberty. He also went to see a play called "The Rebel." Thomas then left New York City on the ship "Wisconsin" at 10 a. m. on September 25 for Liverpool, England. The passage was somewhat stormy, and he was seasick for part of it, but not as seasick as some of the other missionaries with whom he was traveling. He arrived in Liverpool on October 5, 1892 and was assigned to labor in the Manchester Conference, in the City of Oldham, where he had lived as a boy. The whole journey was 6,125 miles.

A promise had been given to Thomas in his patriarchal blessing that he should be delivered from perils of the great deep, and "from pestilence and disease. Plagues shall be stayed at your word." While Thomas was on his mission, an epidemic known as Black Small Pox broke out in England and all who had been exposed were put in a walled enclosure in quarantine. Thomas was able to go in and bless the afflicted church members, and as he passed by, other people would put their hands out to touch him, believing that they would be healed. All the Saints who were quarantined survived.

Some insight into Thomas's missionary activities can be obtained from the 1893 edition of the "Millennial Star." It mentions on pages 168 and 616, that Thomas attended the Manchester Conferences, and on the February 19 conference, he administered the sacrament. The statistical report on page 162 shows that at the end of 1892, the Manchester Conference consisted of 157 members. Thomas was one of about 10 missionaries in the Manchester Conference.

MANCHESTER CONFERENCE

The Manchester Conference convened at 18 Hanshaw Street, Oldham, Sunday, August 20, 1893. There were present:

Anthon H. Lund, President of the European Mission; Thomas E. Taylor, E. A. Stratford and J. V. Bluth, of the Liverpool office; Robert Aveson, President of, and J. H. Evens, B. M. Blackhurst, Thomas Gledhill, Andrew Wallwork, N. L. Morris, D. C. Wood, M. A. Romney and Joseph Ogden, Traveling Elders in the Manchester Conference; H. W. Lunt, President of, and C. E. Murdock, G. M. Thompson, I. C. Brown, John W. McPherson and Brigham Davis, Traveling Elders in the Liverpool Conference.

Three interesting meetings were held, which were well attended by both Saints and strangers. The speakers were filled with the Holy Spirit and instructions were given which edified and strengthened the Saints.

The general authorities of the Church, and of the European Mission, and the Traveling Elders in the Manchester Conference, were presented and unanimously sustained.

The report of statistics and labors of the Elders for the six months ending June, 30, 1893, was read as follows: Seventies 9; Elders 23; Priests 7; Teachers 2; Deacons 3; members 146; total officers and members 188; baptisms 26; confirmations 26; died 2; in-door meetings 211; outdoor meetings 14; tracts distributed 2,750; books sold and distributed 148; Sunday School sessions 25. A Priesthood meeting was held on Saturday evening, August 19, at which the Elders reported their labors during the past six months.

George Clark, Clerk.

Thomas returned from his mission departing from Greenhook near Glasgow on September 28, 1894 on the ship the "City of Rome," along with 9 other elders and 48 members who were immigrating to Zion. There were others on the ship bringing the total to about 350 people. The passage was quite rough and Thomas notes in his journal that he was quite seasick most of the time. They arrived in New York on October 6, 1894 and then traveled by train back to Utah. Thomas arrived in Vermillion at 9 p. m. on October 11, 1894 to find his wife "quite sick."

Among the immigrants were Thomas's converts Steve and Eliza Betty; Tom, and Alice Nelson; the Jimmy Walker family; and the Sainsbury family. Tom and Alice Nelson lived with Thomas's family for the first while after getting to Utah. They were eager to learn about their new home. One day Alice came back to the house from exploring with a whole lapful of little black and white kittens that she had found. They were skunks and she and Tom got real scented up before things were finally taken care of.

Thomas, son of Edward Gledhill and Betty Hague

Two of Thomas's missionary companions were Joseph Ogden of Richfield and G. T. Humphrey of Salina. One day while tracting Joseph Ogden came upon a lady who had a rather precious book, a copy of the 1853 Millennial Star. She was a member of the church, but her husband was not, and he was very bitter. So for 25 years she had kept this book hidden from him. She got the book out and gave it to Brother Ogden. As their conversation continued, Brother Ogden mentioned that his companion was Thomas Gledhill. The woman had known Thomas and his family before they had left England in 1868, and so she asked Brother Ogden to return the book, which he did. She then gave the copy of the 1853 Millennial Star to Thomas when she later met him.

Thomas's grandson Clifford Gledhill tells, that in March 1934 he was attending a baptismal service in his ward in California. The janitor, who was an old man, heard the name Gledhill and introduced himself. He said, "You have a name to live up to. You bear the Gledhill name. It was the name of the man who baptized me back in England." The man was named Sainsbury and had been baptized by Thomas when he was a young boy.

Upon his return from his mission, Thomas was appointed Bishop of the Vermillion Ward, replacing Peter Gottfredson. He took up farming again, but was also appointed to be the Forest Ranger at Fish Lake from 1895 to 1900. He kept a herd of cows up at Seven Mile, and a family named Russell milked the cows for him and made cheese. Thomas' family would spend the summers at Fish Lake. They slept on pine bough beds, picked berries, and caught fish with their hands in the creeks running into Fish Lake. Thomas received much acclaim for his Dutch Oven cooking. His father-in-law John Lehi Ivie was also the Fish Commissioner at Fish Lake during that period of time. Thomas also bought Peter Gottfredson's rock house in Vermillion and moved his family out of their small house on the farm.

After John Lehi Ivie's third wife Violet (who was also Thomas's sister) died in 1900, he and his daughter Luta lived with Thomas's family. John Lehi Ivie was a great storyteller, and spent many hours entertaining the family with Indian or bear stories. He and Thomas had a great many political arguments. He was a Democrat, while Thomas was a Republican. Later on Thomas served as the doorman at the Utah State Senate from 1922 to 1926.

Thomas and Belle did a lot of traveling for their time. In 1909 they went to Chicago to see their son Ray graduate as a Doctor of Medicine. In 1910 they went to Canada to visit Belle's sister Susannah (Sude) Heninger. They went to California just after their son Bert went into the Army in November 1916, and made many later trips there when their son Fred moved to California. They also made several trips to Idaho.

Thomas, son of Edward Gledhill and Betty Hague

Thomas loved fine horses and was widely known for his horses. He always timed his trips from Vermillion to Richfield, and if he was in the buggy, he tried to make the trip in 60 minutes. He was always very strict with his boys about caring for the horses.

Bert's wife Maggie died of a kidney infection on January 11, 1917 leaving a six-month old baby, Millan. Bert had gone into the Army on November 4, 1917, during World War I, and was later killed by shrapnel from artillery fire in Boves, France on June 14, 1918. This was the beginning of a string of deaths in the family. On July 31, 1917, their third son Ivo died from complications following an appendix operation. Then on January 7, 1918 his wife Jane died, a victim of the big flu epidemic. Their two daughters Ivie and Melba came to live with Thomas and Belle. On April 8, 1924 their son Lafay was killed in an accident when horses ran away with the wagon he was driving. On March 2, 1928 Thomas's son-in-law Randall died from poisoning.

One time when Thomas was sick with pneumonia, his son Ray and Bishop William Seegmiller administered to him. After they had finished and had left the room, Thomas asked his family, "Who was that man with them?" He was assured that there had only been the two men, and he always believed that the other "man" was a heavenly spirit who assisted in the blessing. He soon recovered.

Thomas was a devout man and his church meant much to him. He was baptized in February 1865 by Miles P. Romney and confirmed by his uncle James Gledhill. He was ordained a Teacher by Isaac Pierce, an Elder by Peter Gottfredson on October 8, 1882, a Seventy by George Reynolds on September 17, 1892, and a High Priest by Francis M. Lyman on June 2, 1896. He served as Bishop beginning on September 16, 1894 with Jacob Gottfredson and later in the bishopric with John Dastrup. This was when Sigurd and Vermillion were in the same ward. He also served as the Superintendent of the Sunday School and as a counselor in the M.I.A. In the 1920s, he served on the Stake Sunday School Board. One time when he made a trip to visit the Koosharem Ward, the brakes on the car failed on the Glenwood dugway, and they came down the hill at a fast clip with no way to stop until they got down to the level ground. He did much temple work and spent much effort in gathering his genealogical information.

Thomas and Belle liked to sing. The family always gathered at their home after Sunday School for dinner, and the spare time was spent around the piano singing together. Thomas would take his daughters Ida and Millie on his lap and sing:

Two little girls in blue,
Love two little girls in blue,
They were sisters and we were brothers
And we learned to love the two.

Late in Thomas's life, his family held a birthday celebration for him and

for Peter Gottfredson. From the Richfield Reaper, April 22, 1926:

150 years is the sum total of the span of the lives of two pioneers who jointly celebrated their 80 and 70 birthday Sunday. Peter Gottfredson, the well known, well loved and well respected pioneer and Indian fighter, age 80; and just as well known, beloved, respected pillar of our church and community worker, Thomas Gledhill, age 70, both born on the same day of the month April, one in 1846 and the other in 1856.

Mr. Gledhill is a steady resident of Richfield, always in our midst, while Mr. Gottfredson is spending the winter in the Soldiers Home at Sawtelle, California, and comes to his old home only for the summer months. He returned here Wed. of last week with the same jovial mind, the same vivacity of body and spirit and plus a healthy growth of chin whiskers. Both of these men are hale and hearty, so much so that the century old joke of 80 years young and 70 years young may well be applied to them, not as a joke but in all seriousness. Both are carved out of the hardy material from which pioneers are made.

The celebration was held in the Thomas Gledhill home. Mrs. Gledhill gleefully and cheerfully acting as hostess and the children of both honored guests with their families participating in the sumptuous dinner and the other accessories to the observation of so memorable a day. So many were the guests that the table had to be set twice.

The main speech of the day was given by the elder of the two pioneers who in summing up his remarks read the following reflections as he called his thoughts:

"This is the most important milestone of my life because it is as far as I have got. I can look back and see the mistakes I have made, also the successes. In my minds eye I can see where I could have done better, but would I? I hold here a manuscript history of my life including the names of many I have associated with socially, in business and in the family relationship. It contains more than 300 pages. In the preface, I mention the little daily occurrences that make up the whole. We can look back and see where we might have done better, but would we? Environments have much to do with shaping our nature and our character and destiny. Had we in any certain state of our life taken a different course it is impossible to know where it would have led. So I say we must harbor no regrets, but try to make the best of the future. Life is as a stream leading to somewhere. I have often in my mind compared it with starting out on a highway with many roads leading in every direction and in each place conditions differ as do the people we associate with which would effect our condition in life, and who can say which would have been the best road to follow? So I say try to live each day so as to have no regrets.

"I am pleased to have the opportunity of spending the 80th anniversary of my birth with my brother-in-law Thomas Gledhill, whose birthday is the same day just 10 years apart. We spent our birthdays together 20 years ago. We have associated together for 54 years since 1872 when I married his sister Amelia. We were together in Pioche in 1873 and off and on ever since."

Thomas, son of Edward Gledhill and Betty Hague

"If the years before had been lived aright,
Your feet will be nimble, your eyes will be bright;
And you will be loved, though your hair may be white,
When you are eighty.

"But if it should be that you're faded and worn,
By the battles you've fought and the burdens you've born;
By a smile you'll win more than by looking forlorn,
Even when you are eighty.

"If you've scattered kindness along the years,
Brought smiles to the face that was bathed in tears;
Or the spirit of peace to help banish fears,
You won't mind being eighty.

"If you choose with care the seeds you sow,
You will reap with pleasure the crops that grow;
The things I tell you are things I know,
Because I am eighty."

Poem by Peter Gottfredson,
Richfield Reaper, April 22, 1926

On May 1, 1929, Thomas' wife Belle died and shortly after that, Thomas suffered a small stroke. He drug one leg when he walked after that, and lost his sense of touch in one hand. But he was only bed-fast for four days before his death on December 12, 1933 of uremic poisoning.



Thomas Gledhill



James Oscar Ivie, left, with other freights - Maybe Thomas is one of them. Freighters from Mt. Pleasant took fresh produce south to Pioche, Nevada and other mining camps and returned with cash and merchandise, which benefited many people. Long trips were made with mule or horse teams, shorter ones with ox teams. This freighting began in 1869 and was an organized enterprise.



Thomas Gledhill's 1885 Certificate of Citizenship

Thomas, son of Edward Gledhill and Betty Hague

Mr and Mrs Thomas Gledhill were in attendance at the conference in Salt Lake

Mr and Mrs Aldon Gledhill have moved down on their farm

Richfield Reaper, April 18, 1912

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Gledhill have bought the home of Earnest Christiansen, and will become permanent citizens of Richfield.

Richfield Reaper, Feb. 15, 1919

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Gledhill have sold their home and real estate here to Homer Barron Sr., and they have purchased the neat little cottage of E. C. Christiansen in Richfield. They expect to be comfortably located in their new home about April 1st.

Joel Dastrup and Fred Gledhill left for Holden on Thursday taking with them a load of farm implements preparatory to working on their farms recently acquired in that locality.

Richfield Reaper, Feb. 15, 1919

On Tuesday evening of last week a farewell party for Thomas Gledhill and wife and Aldon and Fred Gledhill and their families was given in the Vermillion hall. Thomas Gledhill and wife are moving to Richfield while their sons Aldon and Fred will hie themselves to Holden to make their future homes.

Herbert Snow came in last week from Alunite with a badly crushed foot.

Richfield Reaper, March 19, 1919

McCORNICK MITES

The McCornick Merc. Co. have moved into their new building and are ready with a good stock and an accommodating manager to take care of the trade of the people between Delta and Holden.

Bishop O. F. Gledhill and his brother A. O. Gledhill were in Salt Lake on business last week.

Thos. Gledhill of Richfield visited his children here a few days last week. His daughter Mrs. Millie Nebeker accompanied him. Mrs. Randall Christensen returned with them to Richfield for a short stay.

Millard County Chronicle
May 5, 1921

McKay of Weber County Is Chosen President of Senate; Callister Is Speaker of House

TWO caucuses of Republican members of the legislature were held last night in the Hotel Utah, the senate caucus naming Thomas E. McKay of Weber county for president of the senate, and the house naming E. R. Callister of Salt Lake for speaker. The utmost harmony prevailed in both meetings. The senate caucus, in addition to the president, also named other officers of the senate except chaplain, it being decided to ask the several members to offer invocation daily.

THOSE SELECTED.

Senate officers who will be elected on Monday in addition to the president are:

Secretary—Q. B. Kelly of Salt Lake. Minute clerk—J. J. Peters of Salt Lake.

Doorkeeper—William F. Langenbacker of Salt Lake.

Sergeant-at-Arms—Alfred Stout of Juab.

Mailing clerk—Norman Wold, an ex-service man of Salt Lake.

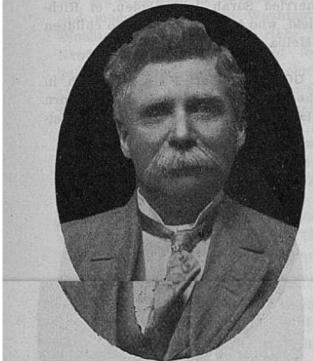
Doorkeepers—Ligen Quist of Cache; Weber county to name one.

Messengers—Chester Knudson of Brigham; Ashley Badger of Salt Lake.

Watchmen—Thomas Gledhill of Sevier; A. D. Ross of Duchesne.

Salt Lake Telegram
Jan. 9, 1921

GLEDHILL, Thomas, the second Bishop of the Vermillion Ward, Sevier co., Utah, was born April 17, 1856, at Oldham, Lancashire, England, the son of Edward Gledhill and Betty Hague. He was baptized in 1864 by Miles A. Romney at Oldham;



emigrated with his parents from England to Utah in 1868, crossing the Atlantic in the ship "Emerald Isle" and the plains in Captain Mumford's mule train. The family located first at Mt. Pleasant, Sanpete co., and in 1874 they settled what is now Vermillion, being among the very first settlers of that neighborhood. Thomas became a farmer and stockraiser in

early life, and has always been a leading spirit, both in ecclesiastical and secular affairs. At Vermillion he has acted as superintendent of the Ward Sunday school and president of the Y. M. M. I. A. He was ordained successively to the offices of Deacon, Teacher and Elder, and was ordained a Seventy Sept. 15, 1892, by Wm. H. Seegmiller. In 1892-1894 he filled a mission to Great Britain, laboring principally in the Manchester conference. In returning home he was the leader of a company of emigrating saints from New York to Salt Lake City. In 1881 (Jan. 8th) he married Lillie Belle Irvine, of Mt. Pleasant, who has borne him eight children. For a number of years Bro. Gledhill has been a member of the County Central Committee. While stopping at Mt. Pleasant on his way to fill his mission in 1892 he received a Patriarchal blessing from Cyrus H. Wheelock who told him that daughters should be born to him and that he should have power over the elements and power to rebuke sickness and evil. Every word of this prediction was literally fulfilled. Several persons who were sick with small pox and other contagious diseases were healed under his administrations, while his own health was always preserved.

LDS Biographical Encyclopedia, Vol. 2, p. 631

GLEDHILL, THOMAS, was born April 17, 1856 at Oldham, Lancashire, England. The last of 13 children born to Edward and Betty Hague Gledhill. He came from Mt. Pleasant with Peter Gottfredson, his brother-in-law, to scout Sevier County, and settled in Vermillion with them. Here he married Lillie B. Ivie at the Gottfredson log cabin, where the rock house across from where the Vermillion Church now stands, on January 8, 1882. On October 8, 1882 they were sealed at the Endowment House. They were parents of 6 boys and 2 girls. He went on a mission to England when his youngest son was only 11 days old. He left New York September 29, 1892. He labored there two years. He was ordained a teacher by Isaac Pierce, an elder, October 8, 1882, by Peter Gottfredson, a Seventy. September 17, 1896, by Francis M. Lyman at this time he became Bishop of Vermillion Ward. Jacob Gottfredson and John Thalman were his counselors. He worked as Counselor in Sigurd Ward when Vermillion and Sigurd were one Ward, under John Dastrup. He also served as Superintendent of Sunday School at Vermillion in 1906 and 1907. Also, Counselor in M.I.A. and different priesthood positions. He did much work in gathering Genealogy and Temple Work. He worked in Sevier Sunday School Stake board in the 1920's. He worked as doorman in Utah Legislature in 1922 to 26. He was a Black Hawk veteran and was present when the last man was killed in that War. In his middle years, he was a farmer and stock raiser. He died December 12, 1934, at the age of 78.

Sevier Stake Memories, p. 456

Thomas, son of Edward Gledhill and Betty Hague

The below items are from the Thomas Gledhill home and are in possession of Janese Christensen, great grand-daughter.



Mirror and end table



Photo of Amelia May and Ida Bella Gledhill



China hutch, china set bought by Thomas Randall Christensen for Ida



Chairs

Items on the right are from the Thomas Gledhill home, and are in possession of Randall Lloyd Christensen, great grandson



Cigar box



Gledhill family clock

Lilly Belle, daughter of John Lehi Ivie and Mary Catherine Barton

Lilly Belle Ivie Gledhill

by her daughter Ida Belle Gledhill Christensen Buchanan

Lillie Belle Ivie was born on October 13, 1865 in Mt. Pleasant, Sanpete County, Utah, the seventh child of John Lehi Ivie and Mary Catherine Barton. She was called Belle. Her oldest brother and two of her older sisters did not survive childhood, so at the time of her birth the children in her family consisted of Mary Susannah, age 9, John Lafayette, age 4, and James Oscar, age 2. Her father also had a second wife, Maryette Carter, who lived in Provo.

Belle was a year old when the Black Hawk War with the Indians began and as her father became a colonel in the conflict, he was away from home much of the time. This Indian story involving Belle is taken from the Deseret News Weekly of July 10, 1872, and is also quoted on page 284 of **Indian Depredations in Utah** by Peter Gottfredson:

INDIANS -- We met Brother Henry N. Larter, of Sanpete Co., today. He arrived in town yesterday, in company with Col. John L. Ivie and the latter's family. He reports that when they were about four miles from the divide in Salt Creek Canyon, six Utes, among whom was Tabiona, rode up to them and demanded to know of Col. Ivie whether he was "Jim Ivie," the Colonel's brother. On being answered in the negative they passed on. In a short time, however, they returned, rode in front of the wagon, stopped it, and reiterated the question. One of the Indians then said it was not "Jim Ivie," but his brother. At this time Tabiona had his hand on his arrows, and another Indian had his rifle ready for use. The Indians, however, again passed along and after going a short distance they stopped and held a council. The team was then made to travel at a lively pace. When the Indians saw this, two of them started after it, coming towards the wagon about three hundred yards, but seeing their companions did not follow, they stopped and went back. One Indian was so drunk he could scarcely sit on his horse and the others had also been drinking, but they knew what they were doing.

Since writing the above, Col. J. L. Ivie called at our office and, being well acquainted with Indian character, says that he has no doubt that had himself and those who were with him not got away, the Indians intended to murder them."

Belle was six years old at the time and was in the wagon. Her brother James Oscar Ivie recalled that Lyman R. Peters was driving the wagon, that they were very much frightened, and that the smaller children were covered with bedding in the wagon. Her father said that if the Indians had overtaken them the second time, he intended to jump out of the wagon and let it go on, taking his chances with the Indians. He was well armed. Belle remembered the incident very well and said that the bedding used to cover them was a feather bed, since her mother thought that feathers would deflect the arrows. She told how frightened they were, and that they were told by their parents not to cry or make a noise in the hopes that the Indians would not know that there were children in the wagon.



Lilly Belle Ivie
Gledhill

After the Black Hawk War was over, Belle's father worked with the Indians and they were always camping at his place. One time Belle was babysitting the smaller children and heard a noise downstairs. She lit a lamp and came down with the next oldest child to investigate. In the light as she came down, she saw a room full of Indians who wanted her father. She was so frightened that the lamp shook and she had to put it down. She told the Indians that her father wasn't at home. They left, but one Indian buck would keep coming back, putting his arms on the door, and grinning at her. She was very glad when her parents returned. She never overcame her fear and dislike of Indians, or of being left alone in the dark. Later in her life, whenever her husband was gone, if someone approached the house no lamps were lighted and no noise was made by the children, until she was sure who was calling. When her husband was away on a mission, a Brother Adshead used to bring gifts to the family to help them out and drove a long way to do it. But one night when he arrived, Belle kept him out of the house all night, because she wasn't sure who he was.

When Belle was 13 or 14 years old, she had a dream which worried her so much that she went out to the wood pile, where her father was cutting wood, to tell him about it. She dreamed of the end of the world. She saw a terrible storm. She saw the earth shake and rocks fall on people. She saw people kneel and beg to be killed by the rocks and the storm. She saw that her mother was in the group, and after a time of horror, the tempest was stilled and bright lights came. After she had told her father of the dream, he called her mother over to hear the dream too, and she cried, and confessed some of her sins.

Later on, Belle's parents decided that they would separate. Her mother was going to go to Carey, Idaho with Lyman Peters, who had been a business partner with her father. The children were given the choice of which parent they wanted to go with. The four youngest went with their mother and the older ones, including Belle, stayed with their father in Mt. Pleasant.

When she was 15 years old, Belle moved to Chester, which was about 10 miles away, to teach school, even though she did not have much education herself. She lived with her older sister Susannah, who was married to John Heninger. However, he was determined to have Belle as his second wife, so about a year later, to get away from him, she moved back to Mt. Pleasant. There she met Thomas Gledhill who lived in Vermillion, but who hauled freight throughout the area. They were married on January 8, 1882 in a log cabin in Vermillion. They were sealed in the Endowment House on October 10, 1882.

Lilly Belle, daughter of John Lehi Ivie and Mary Catherine Barton

The night of their wedding, they had a wedding dance, and Belle danced and danced. Only after the dance did Thomas find out that her shoes were too small and that her feet hurt her terribly. Belle was proud of her small feet and always wore her shoes too small to emphasize the fact. She suffered from corns and bunions in later life and had lots of trouble with her feet. She was proud of her appearance and she did not feel dressed up without beads on, and always wore them. She liked little touches of lace or buttons on her clothes to dress them up, and often wore flowers in her hair.

Thomas and Belle lived in Mt. Pleasant until their first son Thomas Ray was born in 1883. They then decided to move to Vermillion where Thomas had taken up land. When they left Mt. Pleasant to move to Vermillion in their wagon, they got to about where the town of Sterling is now, when Thomas became very ill, so they decided to camp there for the night. Belle unharnessed the team and went out in the brush to collect firewood. It was dusk and as she rounded a big bush, she suddenly came face to face with a crazy woman, who frightened her greatly. Belle ran back to the wagon, harnessed the team back up, and drove on for several miles more before finally stopping for the night. Even then she just unharnessed the horses and ate a cold supper in the wagon without making any fire. Thomas was better the next morning. He always thought that it must have been an appendicitis attack. For the first while, they lived in a log cabin on their farm near Vermillion, while they built a larger frame house. Then about 1901 they moved into the rock house in Vermillion.

A dugway ran along the south of the farm and many times people tipped over there and fell into the bushes or river and would have to be rescued, often at night. This river was the summer swimming hole and the whole family would often go swimming together, often joined by James Oscar Ivie's family.

Belle was a good seamstress and made all the clothes for her family: coats, hats, pants, dresses, and anything else. She could tat, crochet and embroider, and her home was made beautiful with her handiwork. Her mother, who had gone to Idaho with Lyman Peters, lived near a mine, and the miners there would wear their clothes until they were dirty and then just throw them away. Her mother would pick up the dirty clothes, wash them, and then send them to Belle so she could make them into clothes for her family.

Belle loved flowers and worked early and late to keep her yard beautiful. She was always bringing home a new flower to plant, or if she went into the mountains, she would bring back a bucket or sack of dirt to put in her gardens. She liked camping out and claimed that her husband was the best campfire cook in the world. Likewise, he always said, "Give her a fire and a can of tomatoes, and she can make a big meal."

Belle could pick up handfuls of bees and not get stung, at least not very often. She would always go to get a swarm. One time she was getting a

swarm down from the top of one of her cherry trees and she had stacked up tables, chairs, and boxes to help get her and the hive up to the swarm, but she got off balance and fell. This time she really got stung. But she still saved the swarm of bees.

Belle and her husband Thomas had six sons: Thomas Ray, Hugh Lafayette "Lafay" (pronounced LAY-fee), John Ivo, Alden Oscar, Herbert "Bert" France, and Fred Ovi. When Fred was nine days old, Thomas was called on a mission to England and left two days later. He rented his farm to Billy Carter, but he wasn't much of a farmer, and so Belle and her family were hard pressed for money all during the time that Thomas was gone. She always had faith that money would be provided when they needed it, and many people were kind to her, giving her food, clothing, and money. But it was really a hard time and many times she told of being down to their last food, and going to the door to find a sack of flour or other food left there by known or sometimes unknown friends. She always felt that they would have enough, and also keep well, while her husband was gone, and they did.

One time Belle was down to her last \$5. Thomas needed money, she owed tithing, and her sons needed shoes. She started to town to buy shoes in her old one horse cart. But after going several miles, she decided that she really should pay the tithing and turned back. It took all the strength she had, and when she got back, her boys were very disappointed. But the next morning, when she awoke, she found a sack of clothing and a sack of flour on the doorstep. In the top of the sack she found a note saying that this was a gift from a friend. There was also some money with the note. This was cause for great rejoicing and giving of thanks.

While Thomas was gone on his mission, Belle's sisters spent much time with her. One time when May was staying with her, they were awakened in the night by strange noises. Belle lit the lamp, and they discovered a young skunk in the room. Neither dared to put a foot on the floor, but May crawled over the bed and chairs to the cupboard to get an egg. She broke it into a saucer and put strychnine on the egg. Then she placed the saucer on the floor and crawled back over the chairs to the bed. The skunk ate the egg and soon died. After that, the cat's hole was plugged a little better so no more skunks would get in.

After Thomas returned from his mission, they added two daughters to the family--Ida Belle, and Amelia May (Millie). Belle was dangerously ill for quite some time after Millie's birth. She was delirious part of the time. Once when she prayed that she would be spared to raise her children, she slept and dreamed that a man in white came to her and told her that her time wasn't now. He told her that she would live many more years. Then, with a lot of noise, a train with open cars came. Seated in the cars were old ladies dressed in white and all with white hair. A man was in charge of the train and he gave it into Belle's care. She felt that this dream was fulfilled when later in her life she was given charge of the Stake Relief Society--the train in her dream. Sometime after Millie was born, Belle also gave birth to a stillborn child, believed to also be a daughter.

Lilly Belle, daughter of John Lehi Ivie and Mary Catherine Barton

Belle liked parties and having people over to eat. Her pantry in the rock house was large and, at party time, every shelf would be filled with pies, tarts, cakes, and so on. She was known for her many kinds of pies. At the foot of the stairs into the cellar she kept a large barrel of dill pickles and in winter she kept a crock of mincemeat in her bedroom window.

She liked costume parties, playing charades and other guessing games, and playing checkers. She liked swimming in the canal or wading in a stream. She liked anything that was good clean fun. Although she never received much education, she liked to read. The following is a sample of her handwriting.

*I. Lilly Belle Ivie Gledhill was Teacher in
still a Teacher at this date 1914 -*

People sent for her whenever there was sickness or to have her lay out the dead. She served as a midwife and helped deliver most of her grandchildren as well as many others.

Belle's father John Lehi Ivie got married in 1881 to Belle's sister-in-law Violet, and they had four children including a daughter named Luta. After Violet died in 1900, Belle's father and Luta came to live with Belle and her family in the rock house. Luta died of typhoid fever in 1903. One day during the winter of 1908-09, Belle's father was sitting in the rocking chair by the stove. He died and slid forward in the chair so that his knees were against the stove, burning them badly. When Belle discovered what had happened she was so upset and promised the Lord so much, and prayed so fervently that she brought him back to life. He lived for about another three months in terrible agony. Belle had no real rest during the whole time with death's rattle in his throat for so long. It was a terrible thing for her to have to go through. She often said after that experience that she would never again try to change the will of God.

From 1895 until 1913 Belle held many positions in the Church. She was a counselor in the Mutual to Phoebe Holman in 1895, to Alice Gottfredson in 1901, and to Annie Stringham in 1909. She was the secretary to the ward Relief Society during 1904 to 1912, and she also worked in the Primary. She would often take some of her children with her to auxiliary meetings in the one horse cart, or on horseback with one child in front and one or two behind her on the horse. Often she and Annie Stringham rode to meetings on the same horse.

Some time before 1912 she was put in the Stake Primary board, and it was during that time that the church first instituted classes in Primary and they also held Primary fairs to display the children's handiwork. At this time the stake took in all of Sevier County and parts of Wayne, Piute, and Garfield Counties. There were 23 wards in all and Belle visited the wards by horse and buggy. It required three days to make a visit to the Marysvale or Koosharem wards, and it wasn't very often that any of the men could spare the time to go with the ladies on their visits to the wards.

Belle was called to be the Stake Relief Society President on June 22, 1913. The family went to Stake Conference in Richfield that morning, and after the

morning session of Stake Conference they went to the home of Belle's oldest son Ray, who lived in Richfield, for dinner. Belle was late coming for dinner and when she arrived, just went into a bedroom and cried. Each of her family went to get her to come eat, but each found her on her knees praying or crying, leaving them wondering what in the world was wrong. Eventually she told them that she had been called as the Stake Relief Society President and would be sustained in the afternoon session of Stake conference. She held this position for the next 16 years.

During her presidency, the Relief Society made many changes and accomplished many things. Each Tuesday was designated as Relief Society day. The General Board began sending lessons to the wards to promote temple excursions, scripture reading, and home evenings. A burial department was set up in the Stake Tithing office. During World War I, they checked food and sold bonds. During the 1918 flu epidemic, meetings were canceled for two months, many people needed to be buried, and a children's clinic was established and operated. In 1921, the stake was divided into three stakes and she continued on as Relief Society President of the Sevier Stake. In March 1929 she was in charge of a very successful pageant that was put on at the high school to commemorate the 50th anniversary of the Relief Society.

Just as when she was with the Stake Primary, she had to make many visits to the wards in a horse and buggy as the Stake Relief Society President. Her husband would occasionally go with her, but usually she was on her own, and she had to deal with many run-away scares, and break downs of the buggy or harness. She would sometimes take some of her children with her. They would stay with one of the ward members overnight on the long trips. How glad they always seemed to have Mother visit them. She was almost a relative. She knew about their families and their hopes and their dreams and sorrows. She would cry with them in their sorrows and rejoice with them too. She always kept notes about the people they visited, and read them over before trips, so she would know about the families and their hopes and dreams and sorrows when she met with them. The people she visited always seemed glad for her visits and almost considered her one of the family. Eventually they got a car, which helped with the trips.

During this same period of time Belle's daughter-in-law Maggie, who was married to Bert, died in 1917; her son Bert was killed during World War I in 1918; her son Ivo died of appendicitis in 1917; Ivo's wife Jane died in January 1919 of flu in the epidemic of 1918. These deaths, the flu epidemic, and her Relief Society responsibilities during that period of time, made an old woman of Belle, turning her hair gray and bringing a sense of sorrow to her life. Having a great deal of work to do was the only thing that kept her going. The family moved also from Vermillion to Richfield in 191[9]. Ivo and Jane's two daughters Melba and Ivie came to live with Thomas and Belle after their parents' deaths.

Her son Lafay was killed in a horse run-away in 1924 and her son-in-law Randall died in 1928. Just before Randall died, Belle had a dream in which

Lilly Belle, daughter of John Lehi Ivie and Mary Catherine Barton

she saw that he would die, and she saw that his grave would be covered with green. He was the first person to be buried in that new part of the Richfield Cemetery, and the first person to have the green carpets laid around his grave during the service. Ida and her children came to live with Belle and Thomas after Randall's death.

She wasn't very healthy the last ten years of her life. She had a dysentery that was hard to check. She would try anything that someone thought might help, and saw many doctors, but nothing helped her much. She could be well and traveling to somewhere when it would begin, or it would often begin in the middle of the night. She suffered so much from it.

She was so sick the last three months of her life that it was decided to release her from her Stake Relief Society position. When stake conference time came around, the visiting apostle and the stake president came by her house to tell her that she had been released. When they left she turned her face to the wall, cried, and told her family that she wouldn't live much longer. This was because of the dream about the ladies and the train that she had.

The day she died, her husband asked, "Do you still love me?" and she answered, "You bet I do!" Those were her last words. She went into a coma and died in the late evening on May 1, 1929. Although no autopsy was done, the doctor believed that she had died from cancer.



Sevier Stake Relief Society Board, 1920--Back: Hannah Ogden, Sophia Ogden, Geo. Jones, Ada Parker, Jos. Erickson, Josephine Christensen, Nita Ogden, Insert: Elizabeth Payne

Front: Elizabeth Thalman, Minnie S. Dastrup, 2nd C., Lillie Belle Gledhill, Pres., Pauline Dastrup, 1st C., Lydia Cowley, Sec.

Relief society conference was held in the ward chapel Sunday afternoon. members of the stake board in attendance were President Lillie B. Gledhill, Mrs. Joseph Ogden, Mrs. Frank Ogden and President John Christensen of the stake presidency.

Stake visitors at Sunday school Sunday were Miss Fontell Peterson and Dr. J. G. McQuarrie.

Richfield Reaper, March 1, 1928

Retiring Officers Are Honored

A splendid program was given in the Second ward chapel Saturday afternoon in honor of the retiring officers of the Relief society stake board, Mrs. Eleanor Ogden, Mrs. Josephine J. Christensen, Mrs. Hannah Ogden, Mrs. Lorena Sorensen and Mrs. Ruby Peterson. The stake and wards cooperated in arranging the entertainment, and in token of appreciation presented each retiring officer a leather bound volume of the standard church works. The presentation was made by the new president, Mrs. Estella Poulsen. Tributes of respect were read by Mrs. Colleen Bell of Glenwood and Mrs. Florence Tate as a part of the program, and responses by the honored officers followed.

The beautiful flowers which adorned the chapel during the meeting were later taken by the officers to the cemetery and reverently placed on the grave of their departed president, Mrs. Thomas Gledhill.

Richfield Reaper, Oct 3, 1929

The Sunday morning session was opened with prayer by President R. D. Young. Mrs. E. W. Poulsen, stake Relief society president, conducted the program, which included a talk, "Child Health in Your Community," by Mrs. John Ence, and an address by the visiting member of the general board, Mrs. Jennie B. Knight of Salt Lake City. Mrs. Jas. M. Peterson and Mrs. H. F. Gunn sang one number, and other music for the occasion consisted of congregational singing. The officers stood for one minute to do honor to the memory of the former president, Mrs. Thomas Gledhill. Orson Christensen pronounced the benediction.

Richfield Reaper, Oct 24, 1929

MANY WORDS OF PRAISE ARE SPOKEN FOR MRS. GLEDHILL

Deceased President of Stake
Relief Society Laid to
Final Rest.

Every seat in the Second ward chapel was taken and even the anteroom was crowded with people who had come to pay their last tribute of respect to Mrs. Lillie B. Gledhill, for whom funeral services were held Sunday. Bishop W. A. Seegmiller was in charge, and music was furnished by the stake Relief society singers, a double mixed quartet composed of Mesdames L. A. Poulsen, Otto L. Anderson, H. F. Gunn and I. W. Bean, Dr. Otto L. Anderson, W. L. Castleton, Jas. M. Peterson and C. W. Powell, Jr. Mrs. Lizzie Hansen was at the organ and Miss Melba Lloyd at the piano. Solo songs were rendered by Mrs. Jas. M. Peterson, who sang "That Wonderful Mother of Mine," and Kenneth L. Hood, who sang "The Perfect Day." Misses Ruby Thurber and Una Peterson sang a duet, a song with words and music by Lloyd Ivie, a nephew of Mrs. Gledhill. The contribution by the stake Relief society singers was Mrs. Gledhill's favorite song, "Love at Home." The invocation was offered by Patriarch H. H. Bell of Glenwood, and Bishop H. J. Hansen of the Third ward eulogized the deceased, emphasizing the noble life lived, and the noble deeds performed by Mrs. Gledhill. Mrs. Myrtle Brugger of the Venice ward read an original poem full of tender sentiments. Mrs. Hannah Ogden, secretary of the stake board, gave a comprehensive biography of the deceased and expressed a deep sympathy of the entire board at the loss of so preeminent a leader. She also read a poem composed in honor of Mrs. Gledhill by Mrs. T. A. Hunt, and a letter of condolence signed by Louise J. Robinson, general president of the Relief societies. High praise was given Mrs. Gledhill in addresses by Presidents Jas. M. Peterson and R. D. Young. President John Christensen uttered the benediction. Oscar Ivie of Salina, brother of the deceased and member of the high council of the North Sevier stake, dedicated the grave.

Richfield Reaper, May 9, 1929

James Oscar, son of John Lehi Ivie and Mary Catherine Barton

James Oscar Ivie

Life Story of Horace Leon Ivie son of James Oscar Ivie

I, Horace Leon Ivie was born at Vermilion, Sevier County Utah of James O. Ivie, Ana Catherine (Mortenson) Ivie, March 7, 1902. I had four full brothers and four full sisters, my father being married before marrying my mother and having one child who is now married and has a large family.

At the time of my birth and early childhood Father owned a house in town and a homestead in a choice section about a mile from the residence in town. I remember the orchard, the house, the river and the main road going by the front of the house. This and the recollection of playing in a swing that father had provided is the only memory I have of the farm as I was only about four years old when father and family moved me to Salina. . . .

An outstanding feature of my father was his interest in me. He would take me out to work with him. He would provide things without any solicitation on my part-in fact I would get new shoes and toys much quicker if I didn't ask for them. Father showed me the farm implements, how to harness horses, milk cows, take care of chickens and pigs. When he worked he would get me something to do and work with him. He would give me a fork and then help me pile hay. After we finished he would talk as though I did as much as he did. One year he rented a farm near the river and there he let me drive a team and mow hay.

Farming was not the principal occupation all the time as father ran the creamery several years. . . .



John L. Ivie and Mary C. Barton children:
Back: Catherine May, Ida Priscilla, Lilly Belle;
Front: James Oscar holding Ray, Seymour
Cliff, Alden Salathiel Ivie, 1880



Annie Catherine and James Oscar Ivie



James Oscar Ivie farm house on the road to Lost Creek. Gledhill home north of here, on the near side of the canal



James Oscar Ivie as a freighter, 1885

James Oscar, son of John Lehi Ivie and Mary Catherine Barton



Vermillion Bishopric: James Oscar Ivie-1st counselor, John E. Gledhill, Jr.-bishop, and probably John Thalman-2nd counselor; abt. 1905.

Mrs. Annie Ivie, Salina Pioneer, Dies At Age 94

SALINA, Sevier County—Mrs. Annie Catherine Martinson Ivie, 94, last of Salina's pioneer settlers, died Monday at 7:30 a.m. at her residence of causes incident to age.

She was born Nov. 26, 1863, in Mt. Pleasant, Sanpete County, a daughter of Jens F. and Mette Marie Hansen Martinson.



Mrs. Ivie

As a young girl she lived in Sigurd, Sevier County, and moved to Salina in 1905, where she has since resided.

As a young girl she lived in Sigurd, Sevier County, and moved to Salina in 1905, where she has since resided.

She was married to James O. Ivie in 1886 in the St. George Temple, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. He preceded her in death.

Mrs. Ivie has been an active member of the Church throughout her life.

Survivors include three sons and two daughters: Lloyd O. Ivie, Salina; Mrs. Lillie A. Condie, Twin Falls, Idaho; Mrs. Ida Pearl Stanford, Logan; H. Leon Ivie, Ogden; James O. Ivie, Salt Lake City; 24 grandchildren; 49 great-grandchildren.

Funeral services will be conducted Friday at 1 p.m. in Salina First Ward chapel, with Second Ward Bishop Arno Bastian conducting. Friends may call at the family home in Salina Thursday evening and Friday prior to services.

Annie Ivie died in 1958

James Oscar Ivie, Pioneer Resident, Is Called to Rest

Noted Churchman and Citizen
Dies at Family Residence Fol-
lowing Illness—Funeral Sunday

James Oscar Ivie, 77, highly respected citizen of Salina for many years past, died at his home on South State street, Wednesday afternoon at 4 o'clock. Death came quietly and without a struggle, and followed complications, superinduced by advanced age. Members of the family were at the bedside when the final call came.

Mr. Ivie was born at Mt. Pleasant May 9, 1863, the son of John L. and Mary L. Catherine Barton Ivie, early and staunch pioneers of Utah. When he was 17 he married Eliza Dalley and to the union one child was born. The union proved unhappy, resulting in a separation and he later was married to Annie C. Mortensen, after he came to Sevier county to make his home in 1886. While a boy and a resident of Sanpete county, Mr. Ivie experienced troubles brought about by Black Hawk Indians, and he served as guard to his home town.

He spent most of his life following agricultural pursuits with a degree of success, notwithstanding the fact he was aiding in pioneering North Sevier valley.

North Sevier, Valley

Honest, truthful and a truly devoted husband and father, Mr. Ivie gained a multitude of friends and his death will be sadly mourned. His infirmities the past few months were born with fortitude and his cheerful and sunny disposition was a greeting to his friends.

An ardent member of the Latter Day Saints church since early youth, stamped him as a true believer in his chosen religion. In 1891 he went to the southern states as a missionary, serving faithfully until 1893. While residing at Vermillion he served as counselor to the bishopric, and after coming to Salina in 1905, where he had resided until his death, he served as counselor to several bishoprics and as high counselor in North Sevier stake.

Besides his widow, he is survived by three daughters, Mrs. Viola Shepherd of Mt. Pleasant; Mrs. Lillie A. Condie of Carey, Idaho; Mrs. Pearl Stanford of Logan, Utah; three sons, Lloyd O. Ivie and James Ivie of Salt Lake City, and H. Leon Ivie of Huntsville. Thirty two grandchildren and 18 great-grandchildren, two brothers, Ray Ivie of Carey, Idaho, and Russell Ivie of Idaho Falls, Idaho, and one sister, Mrs. Ida Stanford of Carey, Idaho, are also survivors.

Funeral rites for Mr. Ivie will be conducted Sunday afternoon at 3:30, from the Second ward chapel. Bishop

Richfield Reaper, June 21, 1940

Thomas Ray, son of Thomas Gledhill and Lilly Belle Ivie

Autobiography of Thomas Ray Gledhill

April 2, 1931

I was born of goodly parents on February 13, 1883 at Mt. Pleasant, Sanpete County, Utah. My father was Thomas Gledhill, the son of Edward Gledhill and Betty Hague Gledhill of Oldham, Lancashire County, England. My father immigrated to Utah when he was twelve years old, his family having joined the L. D. S. Church in England in 1849 (his Mother*) and 1850 (his Father*). My mother was Lilly Bell Ivie Gledhill. She was born in Mt. Pleasant. She was born and raised in the church.

I am the eldest of six brothers and two sisters. Three of the brothers are now on the other side with Mother--Ivo, Herbert France, and Hugh Lafayette. God bless their memories. Alden is now in Salt Lake City, Fred is in Los Angeles. Ida Belle and Millie May, the two sisters, and Father are here at Richfield, Utah.

My parents moved to Vermillion, Sevier County, Utah, where I lived and grew to manhood. The first ten years of our time there we lived on a farm at the foot of the large dark volcanic mountain, just one mile north of the Rocky Ford Dam in Sevier River. For about ten years we lived in a one-room log house, 28 by 40 feet. Here four of my brothers were born. The room was petitioned off into bedrooms with calico. We soon outgrew this house and built a nice three-roomed family house and used the old one for a granary.

We boys helped on the farm and herded cows during the summer. In the winter we went to school. First we went to Sigurd in a little one room frame building. We often rode a horse the distance of nearly three miles. Later we went to Vermillion school which was held in the meetinghouse. The last three years of the eight grades I attended, I attended at the Richfield Public School. While attending school at Richfield I did chores for my board and room at the homes of Dr. H. K. Neill. I was taken into their home and treated with very much kindness and courtesy. I shall always remember them and their good wives with gratitude and thanksgiving for the help and support they gave me.

When I finished my course at Richfield (the eighth grade and first year of high school) I left school not being sure at all that I would ever again go to school. Being the oldest child in a large family I felt it my duty to leave home and rustle a job for myself. In my efforts to earn a living, two experiences I had during that summer had much to do in molding my life.

I was sent on a trip to the Milford Desert to help with a herd of sheep. This was a distance of about 100 miles from home and I had to go on horseback and alone. I got lost on this desert without food and was almost famished for water; night and darkness found me in great despair.

* Edward was baptized in 1849 and Betty in 1850



Thomas Ray Gledhill, abt. 1900

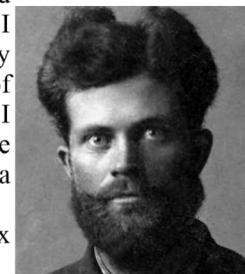
There was nothing to do but to pray and oh, how I did pray to God for help. I was lead by a small light to a sheep camp at midnight and from there I found the herd of sheep which I was hunting, but not until God had tested my faith again by losing my horse and finding him after a very earnest prayer.

After five weeks I was no longer needed at the sheep camp so I took the money which I had received from here and went to Clear Creek, a coal mining camp, hunting for work. I was only eighteen years old and because of this I was turned down everywhere I asked for work. I wasn't a man yet. Finally and luckily I got work chopping timber in the mountainous part of the mine, by contract, at the rate the men averaged. I chopped for one month and made as much again as the men who worked by days' pay. After this I was called a man, but did not make as much.

They often sent me to pitch coal in a closed box car with an Italian (they called them greacers). He could not speak English and the work was so hard I could hardly stand it. As I [contrasted] myself with this Italian, I discovered that at that kind of work he was as good or a little better than I. Every hour I asked myself if I was going to remain in his class all my life. My one year in High School did not help me shovel coal. Each Sunday I would climb the beautiful mountain, make sure I was alone, then I would pour out my soul to God in prayer for help and guidance and strength.

I had saved \$75.00 the two months and to show how unwilling I was to spend it for anything except for an education, I walked thirty miles over the mountain to Mt. Pleasant alone to save railroad fare. Took the train to Salina, Utah and from there I walked another ten miles home because I was so homesick for my family.

My father went with me to Salt Lake City and we tried to find work for me to do for my board. For three days we looked everywhere, but were unsuccessful. Father said to me, "You'd better go home and give it up." His ticket was up and he had to return home, so he left me alone to continue my search. To fortify my courage and burn my bridges I went the next morning to the L.D.S. College and asked the price of their courses. They said they were from \$10.00 to \$40.00 year. I took the forty dollar course. I paid this out of my seventy-five dollars before I even had a place to stay. Two days later I found a job three miles west of the city. I milked twelve cows at night and six in the morning for my board. I rode a bicycle to school and also drove a horse and buggy. I was delighted and happy. A better and closer job was secured after two months. I did chores at Nephi L. Clayton's place just three blocks from the school. Here I lived in a barn and ate my meals out in the outer kitchen, but they were kind to me and I only had to tend the furnace and tend



Thomas Ray Gledhill

Thomas Ray, son of Thomas Gledhill and Lilly Belle Ivie

for a cow and two horses. They gave me old clothes and shoes which I wore in place of my old and shabby ones and I sent a sack or two home to the folks.

I did janitor work at the L.D.S. (tended Barrett Hall) and I was also door keeper in the old gym so that when school closed the next spring I had still thirty dollars out of the thirty five left after paying my tuition.

I attended the L.D.S. four years which was as happy a time as any in my life. In my junior year I was chosen as class president and in my senior year I was elected president of the student body. When my friends found I had been elected, they carried me from Barrett Hall basement in my janitor clothes on their backs. These friends were J. B. Harris, Joseph M. Mills and others about the school.

Some of my choicest memories cluster around those dear old school days and some life long friendships were made and for two years four boys--Joseph B. Harris, Oscar Harris--J. B.'s brother, and my brother Ivo and I lived as bachelors, cooked our own meals and lived a very happy and healthful life together. I have often thanked God for sending these two fine young men to us.

Later I lived in the Sugar House ward doing chores for Samuel Paul, a civil engineer. I lived in his barn and ate my meals in his shanty, but they were kind and helpful to me for which I shall be thankful for. While living there I formed some more very dear friendships. They were--F. Harold Robinson, now Dr. Robinson of Los Angeles, and his wonderful family. The artist Edwin Evans and his very fine family contributed to my growth and happiness. Especially did I enjoy the friendship of their daughter Eva, who I often spent the evenings with. Here I met the Fairbanks family and Brother Thomas Yates, all of whom I greatly admire.

I sold shoes on Friday nights and Saturdays in Robinson Bros. Shoe Store and distributed the Tribune papers over a route for two winters riding a bicycle.

The idea of being a doctor came to me gradually. First my grandfather, Col. John J. Ivie, whom I dearly loved, was a bone setter and wanted to be a doctor himself and said he would be one if he were me. Then as I thought of all the things I could do, nothing I could do other than this would render more services to mankind. I then felt that my nature was a sympathetic and helpful nature that would fit me in a measure, to render comfort and strengthen those in distress. I did not know or see how I could accomplish my ambition, but finally I made up my mind that God had always helped me. At the end of my second year at the L.D.S. I had decided to become an M.D., with God's help.

When I mentioned my determination to two of my beloved professors who I did greatly admire and respect, they in good faith said a lot of discouraging things to me. They said I would lose my faith in God if I studied under certain Godless professors which they mentioned. They advised me to study for a teacher in a church school instead of medicine.

I was disturbed in my feelings, so I called at President Joseph F. Smith's office for advice. I would have rather given up my ambitions to become a doctor than to lose my faith in the Church and my God.

Brother Spencer, I believe, asked me what I wanted and I told him briefly the mission I was on. He shortly returned and said that President Smith was busy for an hour and suggested that I see President Antone H. Lund and do as he advised. I put the matter up to President Lund. He fatherly put his hand on my shoulder and said, "My good brother, the Church needs good L.D.S. doctors. You go right ahead and study medicine if you desire and serve God faithfully while doing so and you will not apostatize and God bless you." I left as happy as a child and never hesitated another minute from then on. Later when I studied medicine, I never saw a thing that ever disturbed my faith a particle.

After graduating from the L.D.S. my dearest friend, Joe (Joseph B. Harris) and I landed in Preston, Idaho, looking for work. We had a letter of introduction to Thomas Cleaves, better Uncle Tom. We helped him Saturday in his store and Sunday went with him to Sunday School and there I saw for the first time the beautiful little girl who later (two years later) became my wife. Uncle Tom made us acquainted with David Cullen Eames and his good wife and family, including their daughter, May.

I first fell in love with Mother Eames and then later with her daughter, May.

It is wonderful and beautiful story, our courtship. That I have lived and lived again in memory. How I grew to love her until she was almost holy and sacred; so pure and holy was my love for her that I could hardly study or do aught but hold her in the center of my brain and adore. Finally after two years acquaintance I persuaded her to become my wife. I led her to the alter in God's holy temple where we were sealed for time and eternity on July 18, 1907 at Logan, Utah.

I had taken out my own endowments two years before in the Salt Lake Temple. This came about thus: I walked home with Bishop Clawson of the 18th Ward one night from Priesthood meeting. He asked me if I would like to have my endowments in the Temple for the protection and blessing. "Indeed I would," was my reply. He gave me a recommend. I went to the Temple.

After my marriage my dear old pal Joe (whom I "May & Ray" Gledhill loved as much as any brother I had) married our mutual friend Lucy Ashton, one of the finest girls from one of the finest families I have ever met in all my life. I love to think of the many and happy times I have spent in their company and their home.

After my marriage, my wife and I spent our honeymoon at Bear Lake and later at Fish Lake, soon after which we landed in Chicago where I completed my medical course. rats and cockroaches. However, my good wife was 100% loyal. I took a fever for three weeks in which she nursed me back to health.



Thomas Ray, son of Thomas Gledhill and Lilly Belle Ivie

While in Chicago we had many ups and downs. We moved five times in about six months, being run out because we were Mormons. Other times because of rats and cockroaches. However, my good wife was 100% loyal. I took a fever for three weeks in which she nursed me back to health.

On June 17, 1908 our darling baby came to bless and cheer us in our struggles. We were living at the Leman Flats, 2323 South Wabash Ave. where she was born. Never was a child more welcome and appreciated than our first born, Ora May.

While a student at the Northwestern University I often had a chance to defend our church and people. Dr. Mix, secretary of the faculty and a very fine man, called me into his office twice to talk about the Book of Mormon. I gave him one with my compliments which he read and commented to me on after. I was always proud to be a Mormon and to defend our people.

I started to practice my chosen profession in Richfield on July 3, 190[9]. I have been there ever since with the exception of two three-month periods spent in the East and three weeks in the West doing post graduate work. I have met, personally, most of the big medical and surgical men in the U. S. and a few from Europe. Locally I have been County Physician since 1909, almost half of that time City Physician.

I was one of the first doctors in the State to operate lights and electricity treatments. I was one of the three who drafted the constitution and by-laws for the first body of doctors in this State to use and advocate physiological measures other than medicine and surgery. I read a paper before its first meeting on the value of electro-coagulation of disease tissue. I was the first charter member and the first President of Center Utah Medical Society. I was the D. & R. G. W. Rail Road Surgeon and War Veteran's Bureau Examiner during and since the War.

As I recall I had about the sixtieth automobile in this valley, but not until I had driven a horse and buggy all over the valley and mountains for several years and tussled through storms and snow-bound lands at all hours of the night. I have made many a trip which endangered my health and life when I knew there was no financial reward, but I have felt sure God would bless me, and he has abundantly done so.

Happiness is great love and much service. It is comforting to know some day we will be judged justly and everything made up to us we have lost here. Therefore, no one but ourselves can really make us unhappy or sour or can our souls unless we allow them to.

On the whole as I look back over life I am partly satisfied and I think that through all of these experiences I have had, I have learned there is only one thing that needs concern me or my good family much. There is only one thing that really matters. There is only one road to happiness here and hereafter and that is the road of Righteousness. On this second day of April, 1931, my really great desire and prayer is that I might live a righteous life and that my family might do the same and avoid the errors made by their father, which may God grant.

Two Dreams of Thomas Ray Gledhill

from an autobiography of Thomas Ray Gledhill
edited by William Ray McKnight

Dream 1:

When one tries to recall an incident that occurred when about 8 years of age his command of words seems a poor means to convey the thoughts of feeling he had at the time; for I remember very distinctly the wonderful comfort and assurance I received from this dream. Nothing that has occurred in my life before or since has thrilled my soul, as did this incident.

I went to bed one beautiful summer night. The bed was on the shed overhead of the cow corral. In the dream I saw a light off to the east in the heavens. It gradually became closer and brighter until I beheld the heavenly personage surrounded with light that equaled the noon-day sun. Yet it was pleasant to look at. The personage stood above the shed suspended in the air while heavenly voices sang the hymn "Joseph Smith's First Prayer." I cannot describe the joy and ecstasy that filled my soul as I heard the three verses of the hymn sung by unseen personages. When the hymn was finished, the light gathered about my visitor and he vanished into the heavens. I knew the words of the hymn when I awoke the next morning and I can yet feel the joy that thrilled me that night.

Dream 2:

The following dream was given me as a boy of about ten years of age. In contrast to the beauty and joy of my previous manifestation, I saw in this dream the opposite force and power in the world. I saw in this dream, while sleeping in an upstairs room in a farm house three miles north of Sigurd where we grew up (six of us boys), a man, the leader of many, [with] a hundred or two others following him. I saw this leader who I immediately supposed to be the Devil with his evil angels enter the gate leading to the house of our only neighbor.

This evil personage took Mr. _____, threw him to the ground, then ran and caught their baby child, put it under his arms and marched over to our house about two blocks further south. They entered our house and he, the leader, grabbed the brother next to me [Hugh Lafayette?] and the third younger than I [Alden Oscar], and taking one under each arm started for the door. The family all attacked him furiously and succeeded in getting the older brother from him. They closed the door just as he was about to exit with the younger brother.

The fight and tug-of-war continued, first one side and then the other gaining the advantage. Finally the devil seemed to get the advantage to the extent that he had the brother almost out of the house.

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All had become discouraged except my grandfather who had braced his feet against the wall beneath the window. He held manfully to his hold on the legs of my brother, which made the rest of us take renewed courage. Seeing that grandfather could hold his own alone, surely we could do something to help--so we again took up the fight and succeeded in getting my brother entirely into the house and closed the door.

The Devil and his followers left us and we rejoiced exceedingly. At this point I awoke and pondered on the dream for about one half hour or so and then I fell asleep again and dreamed the dream exactly the same as I had before.

The next morning at the breakfast table I related my dream to the family. It was passed with a comment or two and I forgot about it for the time being.

About two weeks later our neighbor, the man I saw the evil personage trip to the ground, took suddenly ill and was bedfast for ten days. When he recovered, his child, the one mentioned above, took ill and died after a few days of sickness.

Soon after this my two brothers, referred to above, took sick with Scarlet Fever. The younger boy became so ill that for days he never ate or drank any nourishment whatever. For two days he did not move. In fact we all gave him up never to recover.

One evening my grandfather offered a remarkable prayer in his, the sick child's behalf, and soon after this had been done the boy asked for water. After this he slowly but surely recovered, and is a well and living man today.

The dream was not thought of until the brother was recovering, when to our minds it seemed clear that the dream was a warning or prophecy of serious events that were shortly to come to pass. The dream has always been a sacred one to me and also a great blessing, for I had seen and felt the atmosphere of the evil one and I have never doubted his existence or his power; yet he was repelled by the command of the priesthood of God.



Alden Oscar, Thomas Ray, Hugh Lafayette
Gledhill, abt. 1889

Remarkable Patriarchal Blessing

by Dr. Thomas Ray Gledhill

When we read the many miracles in healing that we find recorded in a few chapters in the Bible, one is apt to think that today these things are not found among us so generally now as anciently, but on more mature thought, one will discover that there are many more manifestations of God's healing power today on record than in the Holy bible.

Being a physician, and dealing with that most sacred and miraculous thing we call life, I often see the power of God made manifest through his authorized servants, and I have personally taken part in this holy ordinance of the administration with oil, where healing, and other blessings have occurred.

Young people sometimes fail to appreciate the priesthood of God. They little realize the power and blessing that may come through this channel. It is with a heart full of gratitude for His Priesthood and the blessings that have come to me and mine from this channel, and with a prayer in my heart that faith may be kindled in the heart of some reader, that I write the following narrative of what I consider a modern miracle.

Mrs. Gledhill, my wife, had been ill for one and a half years; had been to two hospitals including the L. D. S. Hospital of Salt Lake City, and had been examined by five of the best doctors in the State of Utah and their advice and treatment faithfully followed, but her symptoms gradually grew worse. Three times a slight operation had been performed with no improvement, and it was decided that a major operation would be necessary.

Just prior to this time President William H. Seegmiller had just been released from his duties as Stake President of Sevier Stake, an office which he held with honor and credit for thirty years, and had just been appointed a patriarch in the Church. Mrs. Gledhill requested him to give her a patriarchal blessing, and among other things he promised her, first, that she should become a well woman, and second, that she should become a mother in Israel of additional children.

She was operated upon by two of the best known doctors in the State. On opening the abdomen they found a large tumor of the uterus that was also attached to the bowel. The doctors consulted each other and told me that the growth was probably the most fatal of all growths known in surgery today, and that the only hope of her life would be by the removal of the uterus and surrounding tissue, and even then her prospects for recovery would be very small.

Thomas Ray, son of Thomas Gledhill and Lilly Belle Ivie

Then it was that the faith my parents and teachers had tried so hard to instill within me came to my rescue. I told the doctors that she would live and that I would under no circumstances consent to have her uterus removed and thus prevent the fulfillment of a prophecy uttered by the servant of God in a patriarchal blessing to my wife. I was told that it would recur, and that she would lose her life if I refused, and that according to all the teachings of science and their own extended experience it would be very unwise to leave any part of the uterus. I told them that I would trust the Lord. In this I was not alone, for Mrs. Gledhill had made a special request, before being operated on, that whatever else was done, not to allow anything that would make impossible the blessing that she had received, and to which she clung with great faith.

The result was that about one-third of the uterus was removed in order to get the tumor. The doctors gave us very little hope, even of her recovering from the operation. She slowly and gradually improved, it seemed for five months, when I discovered that the growth was recurring. Just prior to this I had received the following heart-rending news. The pathologist of the L.D.S. Hospital, who made the microscopical examination of the tumor which was removed, wrote me in effect as follows—That he was sorry the whole uterus had not been removed, and it was a question in his mind if it wouldn't be best even yet to have the complete removal of the uterus undertaken, as this would give the only hope of recovery.

Another doctor wrote me, saying that all the authorities he had consulted said that these tumors are fatal, no matter what is done.

I then turned to my text book on this subject and read as follows: "Seventy-five percent of all cases terminate fatally within six months." Then in italicized words it said, "Cynctiomia Malignant is the most fatal of all known tumors, that by an early and complete removal of the uterus before metastasis has taken place, some cases it has been reported have been cured."

At times in the past I have felt that my troubles were great, but now it seemed that all the powers of evil were arrayed against me. I thought of how willingly my wife had undergone the hardships incident to going to school in the East with very limited means, and of the many tender circumstances connected with our courtship and newly married life, etc. [T]o think of her being taken from me was more than my failing heart could stand. So that I humbled myself before God as I never had done before, although all my life I had been a praying man.



May and Thomas Ray
Gledhill

But yet there was seen during all this time, dimly, and at the close of this trouble more clearly, a sliver lining to this great dark cloud. It was the promise of President Seegmiller. I took these letters above quoted from my text book and read them to President Seegmiller. Then [I] asked him point blank if it was he who had made the promise, or if it was from God. I told him I must know immediately—Yes or No.

President Seegmiller, in his calm but positive way, told me that when his hand were upon my wife's head with his eyes closed, he saw her a well and perfect woman. [He said], "I cannot take back what I have said, for it is from God." From this moment on there never was a moment that we have ever doubted or lost faith in this promise.

Mrs. Gledhill was operated on again. The tumor had recurred as had been predicted. This time she refused to go to the hospital, and I operated on her myself, putting my trust in God. I found several tumors had started. It was impossible to remove them all, so I removed the large one in the scar of the previous operation and left the others on account of the great hemorrhage.

About two weeks after this operation, inflammatory rheumatism set in. For eight long weeks we "wrestled" with the Lord for her life. Nor were we alone, for we summoned all available help. Her name was sent to all the temples for the prayer circle. The Primary Stake Board, of which she was in the presidency, prayed for her as board and individually. Her kindergarten class in Sunday School prayed for her and brought bouquets of flowers to her bed. For five weeks two Elders called and petitioned the Throne of Grace in her behalf. Finally it seemed that the Lord had tested us sufficiently—she became better and finally well.

Can my college professor tell me anymore that there is no God? Can I doubt His power or the truth of His restored priesthood? Can I afford to dishonor that sacred priesthood? No. No more than I can say black is white. Men may try to explain this some other way, but we know better. And we thank God for every gift and blessing he has given us.

There is a second part of this blessing I want to tell you about. Mrs. Gledhill had been in good health for nearly three years, and we became very anxious for the Lord to grant us the second part of His promised blessing, namely that additional children should come to our home. We talked it over and decided that when we went to the temple to do work for the dead, as it is our custom to do once each year, that we would have Mrs. Gledhill washed and anointed for this special blessing.

Thomas Ray, son of Thomas Gledhill and Lilly Belle Ivie

On arriving at the temple we told President Anderson that we had great faith that the Lord would keep His Promise to us, but we were impatient and wanted to intercede for the Lord to grant us this blessing now. When the sisters were washing and anointing Mrs. Gledhill, the spirit of the Lord whispered to her an assurance of our desire. At the conclusion of this holy ordinance she came and told me of this assurance she had received, and that she knew it was from God. President Anderson, who was mouth in the prayer that was offered in her behalf at the conclusion so this holy ordinance, promised her the desire of her heart. After working in the temple two or three days for our dead, we returned home.

In the required time from this temple blessing God gave us an eleven-pound son, notwithstanding the predictions of the doctors to the contrary. Our hearts are so full of gratitude that we wish we could tell the whole world of this modern miracle.

On hearing of Mrs. Gledhill's condition, one of the doctors wrote and asked one to take her to a hospital to be confined and suggested that operative interference might be necessary. But instead of doing this, we called in the Elders at this critical hour, and our baby was born naturally. No sooner had the birth occurred than I sent word to the doctors, who, by the way, are very dear friends of mine, and told them of our promised son.

In conclusion let me bear you my testimony that I know that God lives and that the divine plan of salvation, called "Mormonism" is the only plan that will bring genuine happiness and joy to the souls of men; and that as far as I have been able to learn, there is no known scientific fact that does not harmonized with this revealed gospel. The longer I live, and the more I study, the more virtue I see in our gospel. And for this testimony I thank God.

T. R. Gledhill, M.S.
Richfield, Utah



Thomas Ray Gledhill



Thomas Ray Gledhill with grandchildren: ?, Craig Wentz, David Gledhill, Bob Gledhill, Bev McKnight, Trent Wentz

Hugh Lafayette, son of Thomas Gledhill and Lilly Belle Ivie

An Autobiography of Ruby Gledhill Tolley

April 30, 1978



Mary Elizabeth Jennings &
Hugh Lafayette Gledhill, Dec. 1904

On the first of October, 1908, I was born of goodly parents, Hugh Lafayette Gledhill and Mary Elizabeth Jennings Gledhill. I was the second child of this couple. Levoy Lafayette Gledhill, my elder brother was born July 12, 1906. Later on 25th of January 1911 my beloved sister Vera was born. On the first of June 1913 my dear sister Wanda came along, [and] on the 10th of April 1917 my sister Dora was born. (She died 26 Apr. 1917.) On the 26th of December 1920 my second dear brother was born, Bert J. Gledhill. He later died of pneumonia on the 19th of Feb. 1935.

Ours was a close-knit family, and great was the family love we shared with one another. Levoy was always a great tease and because we were the eldest and were able to work more together, he was always very dear to me. I loved them all dearly and it was hard on us all when my little sister Dora died. I think that was the first time I had ever seen my father cry. . . . As I got off the school bus and came home he was sitting on our kitchen step and crying like his heart would break. When I went inside Little Dora was laid out so lovely on a little stand we had just inside the door. She looked like a little doll. Her hair was very dark and she looked like she was sleeping. I felt like our world was falling apart. When Dad got control of himself he comforted us one by one.

My dad was not much of a church going person, but in his own way he was very religious, and he was very well versed in our religion. He used to read the Bible stories to us in the evenings. We did not have a lot of books around, or magazines and it was before the radio and television time and our favorite indoor sport was getting around Dad, (Mother would be darning or mending and listening also) and he would read first out of the Bible to us, then he would read a chapter or two of the Rover Boys. How we all treasured those books, but because he was the eldest they really belonged to Levoy. We all loved them and about knew them by heart. I believe this love we shared and the closeness of the family group in those days meant a lot to us all. We did not just spend one family night. Sunday was for church however. Except for about one a month Dad would take us to a show in Sigurd, our nights were spent a lot at home.

In the fall when the wheat was to be threshed, about 10 farmers would band together and when the thresher would come to thresh the grain, each farmer would drive his own team around in a circle to turn the machinery to separate the wheat or oats or barley and the straw. This would leave a large round circle in each person's yard. How the children did love it for long time, having games and just making the most of our circle. Each mother would furnish the food and at noon there would be a big dinner for hungry men. Some of the women would get together and help each other when this busy time came. No wonder in small towns they all loved each other so much.

Hugh Lafayette, son of Thomas Gledhill and Lilly Belle Ivie

In the early spring when the sugar beets came up we had a big job with the thinning and re-thinning of the beets, [and] not only ours [for] that is the [way] Levoy and I earned our money for school clothes the next fall. Wanda and Vera did get in on some of it, but very little due to circumstances.

While Vera was quite small, one day Mother went to town. The oldest kids would watch the youngest. Our only amusement was to play games with each other and our neighbor kids. It seemed like most every kid in the neighborhood congregated on our lawn. We had a lovely dog, black with white ring around his neck. We called him Ring. He would take a stick away from us and every kid in town would be running around the house trying to catch him to get the stick. He was an expert.

This particular day he ran back of Vera. She immediately sat down and cried and said he hurt her leg. It happened so fast we all declared he did not touch her. She was a good actress and often fooled all of us in ways like this, so for a long time we went on with our game and did not pay any attention to her. Finally Levoy, being convinced she was acting, lifted her up and deposited her on his cot, which was always in Mother' big kitchen. She did not seem to be in pain if she sat still, and laughed with us all at the dog. When Mother came home and she cried to her, Mother sent for the doctor. When he examined her, he said the dog had torn the ligament at the back of her leg and she would have to stay off that leg for months.

Needless to say, that ended Vera's work in the beet field. However, we had a pump from which we got our drinking water and Mother put a chair out there and Vera would sit with her leg propped up and she would pump for the horses. We always drove the cows down to the canal for them to drink. She got so tired of the horses drinking she said sometimes she begrudged them all they drank from the trough. I had to grow up before I realized just how much she missed because of this leg. We all had lots of work to do and there were times I almost envied her the leg. She did not have to work like the rest of us, and the 4th of July, when Mother brought cloth home for our new 4th dresses, Wanda always got her pick because she was the littlest and then Vera because of her leg. Sometimes I would end up with a yellow dress, which color I have always hated with a passion.

Dad was so good to Vera, too. He carried her a lot and she was always able to join us in the few fun things we had to look forward to.

A few days before Easter our dad used to have us save out and hide some eggs for the Easter bunny. Mother would always act so surprised there were so few eggs. These we usually sold for groceries. When Easter came she would be so surprised we could find so many. She would help us color them for Easter and it seemed wonderful. We would go on the hay wagon to the canyons and picnic and have a family day together.

In the summer we usually had a time between beets and haying second crop to take a few days to Fish Lake. Mother would bake a ham. (We always cured our own meat—we had no refrigeration.) She would make a big dripper cake. Dad would get the bake oven and he always did the cooking. No one could make bacon and eggs and soda biscuits taste like he could. Mother always churned her own butter and we had buttermilk [and] good home made bread. I remember I was about 16 when I first tasted bakery bread. My dad would take the covered wagon, our tent and our own beds. We had a lovely time in Fish Lake and that was the highlight of our summer—indeed the only vacation we ever had together.

My dad was killed the spring before I was 15. He was breaking a new colt. We used to ride to school in a covered wagon. It was setting across the road from our place. Dad always broke his colts with an old mare. This day the wind was blowing and when it caught the canvas on the wagon and popped it in the wind, the horses got scared and started to run. Dad could not stop them in time. They ran across the road, threw him off, and the wagon ran across his chest, mashed his foot. Mr. Waters and Mr. Fournier from the Telluride Power Company stopped. It had broken the power pole off. They got Dad in our house, called the doctor. Uncle Ray was out on a call so Dr. McQuarrie came. He told us the wagon had broken Dad's ribs and they had pierced his lungs and Dad was bleeding at the mouth. I kept worrying about his poor foot. I remember he said that was the least of his troubles. He gave him some stuff to help on pain and then left. When Uncle Ray came, he taped him up so it did not hurt so much to breathe. He had Mother and I change hot plates, wrapped in towels, on his chest. We did this all night. Next morning about 6 a. m. he died. I felt like my life had ended. We were all distraught....

When Mother gave birth to Bert he was not a very healthy baby and I remember my dad bundling him up and carrying him to the field with him each morning, to make him healthy. I guess it worked, because Bert was soon one of the healthiest kids possible. . . .Mother was always fearful something would happen to him, as Dad had said when he was born that since Mother had raised Levoy, he was going to raise Bert. (Even after he died at the age of 15 from pneumonia, my mother felt Dad had got his wish.)

From the time Dad died until I was 16 I about lived in my coveralls, and, together with my brother, we ran the farm, beet time and haying. Mother got herself a job in the Jumbo mill that used to be in Sigurd, patching and sewing up sacks for the gypsum. We all took our turn taking care of Bert. . . .

John Ivo, son of Thomas Gledhill and Lilly Belle Ivie



Gledhill, John Ivo



Farewell for Ivo Gledhill, Republican Special Service.

Richfield, June 15.—A farewell reception was given last evening at the home of Thomas Ogden for Ivo Gledhill of Vermillion, who leaves today for a mission to Great Britain. Music, games and recitations were features of the evening. There were present Lorin Oldroyd, Miss Flossie Hornig, Abe Hansen, Julius Ogden, Leonora Ogden, Areta Stewart, Misses Erma and Mable Clark, Mrs. Jane Gillespie, Ethel Vail, Milton Poulsen, Henry Poulsen, Adell Gottfredsen, Lorin Chidester, Clara Orrock, Sam Chidester, George M. Cope, Hazel Hansen, Mau-rittana Lanvitz, Rhoda Ogden, Larue Ogden, Ivo Gledhill, Mr. Winn of the Z. C. M. J., Tille Larsen, Pearl Jorgensen, Misses Jane, Mable and Nora Ogden, Nellie Beppa, Mary Clark, Laura Ogden, Josh Ogden, Bess Ramsey, Ed Van Wagenen and Flossie Peterson.

Intermountain Republican,
June 16, 1907

In 1912 John Ivo and Alden purchased the farm from Thomas. John Ivo's family lived in town while Alden's lived on the farm.



Vermillion is again a ward by itself with John Ivo Gledhill as Bishop and Marion Stringham and Elijah Jensen as counselors

Richfield Reaper, January 16, 1913

John Ivo, son of Thomas Gledhill and Lilly Belle Ivie



John Ivo Gledhill

Gledhill, John Ivo, fifth Bishop of the Vermillion Ward, Sevier Co., Utah, was born Sept 3, 1886 at Vermillion, the son of Thos. Gledhill and Lilly Belle Ivie. He was baptized Sept. 3, 1891, ordained a Deacon, later a Priest and still later an Elder. He studied three years in the L. D. S. University in Salt Lake City, took a normal course and taught school for three years, being principal one year at Glenwood and two years at Vermillion. He also acted as superintendent of the Ward Sunday School and secretary of the Ward Y. M. M. I. A. In 1908-1909 he filled a mission to Great Britain, laboring principally in the Liverpool conference. He was ordained [at age 26] a High Priest and Bishop by David O. McKay Dec. 22, 1912, and set apart to preside over the Vermillion Ward. In 1910 (Aug 17th) he married Sarah Jane Ogden, of Richfield, who has borne him two children (Melba and Ivie).

--LDS Biographical Encyclopedia, Andrew Jenson, Vol. 2, p. 632.

SIGURD
Leo Thalman returned from Salt Lake on Sunday after having been honorably released from the S. A. T. C. of the U. of U.
Mrs. Jane Gledhill is at the home of Thomas Gledhill at present and is ill with influenza.

Richfield Reaper, January 4, 1928



Sarah Jane and John Ivo Gledhill headstone in the Richfield City Cemetery



Jane Ogden Gledhill

MRS. GLEDHILL ANSWERS CALL

Mrs. Jane Gledhill, widow of the late Bishop Ivo Gledhill of Vermillion, and well known in Marysville, died at the home of Thomas Gledhill at Vermillion Tuesday night following an attack of influenza-pneumonia. After being stricken Mrs. Gledhill sank rapidly and was only sick for five days.

Mrs. Gledhill was born in Richfield and was about 30 years old at the time of her death. A little more than a year ago she and her children removed to Marysville and for five months she was employed at the Cash Store. While here she made hosts of friends and all were shocked to hear of her sudden death.

Mrs. Gledhill is survived by her two children, her father, Thomas Ogden, Sr., now in Texas, four sisters and six brothers: Mrs. James C. Jensen of Marysville; Eva, Ruby and Lizzie and Thomas, Albert, Charles, George, Walter and Josh. Mrs. Jensen of this city was at the bedside of her sister, having been summoned early Tuesday morning.

Thomas Ogden, father of the deceased, is in El Paso, Texas, and he has been advised of his daughter's death. Funeral services will be announced later.

Piute Chieftain, January 9, 1928

Alden Oscar, son of Thomas Gledhill and Lilly Belle Ivie

An Autobiography of Alden Oscar Gledhill

Written in October of 1957



Alden Oscar Gledhill family, abt. 1918: Alden Lamar, Alden Oscar, Helen, Eva Elizabeth Harman, Thomas Ivo, Della Eva

I, Alden Oscar Gledhill, was born September 8, 1888, at Vermillion, Sevier County, Utah. My parents were Thomas and Lilly Belle Ivie Gledhill. When I was three years old I got scarlet fever and the doctors gave me up. They said there was no chance for me to live and if I did, I would be sickly. Through the faith of my mother and administration I got well. Dr. West was our family doctor and later in my life he examined me for life insurance and could find nothing wrong. He said he never expected to see me such a strong man.

I always tried to be an obedient son to my parents, but sometimes I failed at that. One time a few boys and I lifted up the window of Tommy Goff's home and crawled in and popped corn. Mother gave me a good licking; the hardest she ever gave me. When Father whipped me he was very severe. Mother has made me feel worse and more ashamed many times without saying a cross word. I loved my mother. The six of us boys use to help wash dishes. I did not mind as I wanted to help her. She was the mother of six boys before she had two daughters.

I herded cows and helped on the farm when I was a boy. Our Father in Heaven heard my prayers and helped me find cows and other things. When I was ordained a Deacon, I was president for several years. We use to cut Grandma Stringham and Sister Nourse's woodpile and carry it into the back of the house, so they would not have to go outside in the winter. I also gathered flour and other things for fast offerings. I was always taught to pay my tithing. I always gave my tenth load to hay and other crops before they started taking money.

I was president of the Y.M.M.I.A., and I also spent 15 years in the Sunday School Superintendency while in Vermillion. When I moved to Millard, I was made Sunday School Superintendent. I was also a counselor in Center Ward [in Salt Lake]. Also in Center Ward I have been and still am chairman of the Genealogical Committee. I have been Group Leader of the High Priests. I am now one advisor of the Welfare farm.

One time I was coming home from working in beets and saw a young lady walking down the railroad tracks. I rode over to see who it was and saw the sweetest girl I had ever seen. I came home and told my mother that I had seen the girl of my dreams; the one I wanted to marry. It was love at first sight as I had seen her many times in my dreams. I had prayed many times that I would find the right girl for me.

We got married May 9, 1909 and raised nine children. We had many ups and downs, and looking back I think they were for our best good. We have been married 48 years now.

I went to Salt Lake to attend the L.D.S. University. While there I played on the best basketball team the school had.

In the summertime my brother Ray and I went surveying. I was what was called a lineman. I would look through the surveying machine and pick out a tree or rock, and then ride a mile and take line.

One day I got off to walk and left my six shooter hanging on the saddle horn. I also left a rifle on my saddle which I used to shoot deer for camp when necessary. When I was walking and leading a mule along a narrow trial, I came face to face with the largest grizzly bear I have ever seen. Perhaps it was a good think I did not have my gun, as I might have tried to shoot it and got killed myself.

Another time after I was married, we hauled wood to burn. I took a horse and went up around a ledge and was loading wood when my large dog, that used to be a watch dog at sheep camp, started to make a fuss. I looked up and down the road but could see nothing. Finally I looked above me on the ledge and my eyes met the eyes of a mountain lion.

I would like to tell a few instances of how the Lord has saved my life here in Salt Lake. I was scraping dirt out for a basement at church welfare at 7th South and 7th West. As I was going to work one morning I was riding a horse and leading a colt which had not been in town much and was afraid of trucks and cars, when I had a narrow escape.

It was the spring of the year when ice would freeze, and I had a dinner pail in one hand and a rope for the colt in the other, when a large ten-ton truck loaded with sand came towards me. The colt got frightened and ran down in the bar pit to the end of the rope, and then turned and started to the other side. The colt slipped and fell down right in front of the truck.

The [horse] I rode pulled up right along side of it. I sure thought that the horses and I were a goner. The truck stopped within two feet of us without sliding. The driver said, "It can't be done as the truck would skid at least 20 to 30 feet going 30 miles per hour." Yet it was done, and I knew it was just not my time.

Another time I was working for the W.P.A. in spring and winter helping to carpenter up weak places. One day the carpenter was sick, and I was working 13 feet down when somebody said, "Get out of there." I looked up and could not see anybody, so started to work again. Again the voice came. I hurried up and had no more than got up when the bank caved in. My life was saved once again.

While working out at a ranch near the Stout place, I got stuck in the mud. I jacked up the car and blocked it, then crawled under to put some more blocks, when the car fell down and hit me in the back. The next morning I could not straighten up.

It kept getting worse. My wife and boys took me to see doctors. There were two M.D.s and two chiropractors. They had a consultation and said there was nothing they could do for me. On the way home my brother, [who was a doctor himself] said, "Well, Alden, I sure hate to tell you this, but you will have to know sometime that you will never do another hard day's work in your life. You may get to hobble around, but will not be able to stand very long."

You can judge how I felt as I would have to be a burden on my family. That night I prayed to die, and then afterwards I prayed and begged my Heavenly Father to let me get well and raise my children till they were able to take care of themselves.

That night I had a dream or vision that my mother came by my bedside without her feet touching the floor and told me not to feel so downcast, that my petition had been granted. I would have the companionship of my wife and family for a little longer.

When I woke up, I was lying on my side, something I had been unable to do since my accident. I turned on the other side, and it did not hurt. I stood up as straight as I ever had--the pain had left.

A few days after that I went to Richfield. My brother the doctor was at Priesthood meeting, and when I came to the door he came down from the stand (he was in the Stake Presidency), and wanted to help me over to my seat. I said, "You don't have to help me. I can walk as good as you can. I will show you." Doctor said, "Come down to the house and let's talk this over. It is nothing short of a miracle."

I went deer hunting with him after that at Salina at my cousin Lloyd's place. Doctor sat on a rock while Lloyd and I hunted. He couldn't take it or walk very long. God has been very good to me and has heard my prayers many times and has also blessed my wife and children many times.

I will now mention a few times when our Heavenly Father has blessed people when I have been the mouth piece. When we lived over to Millard County, our children got typhoid fever. LaMar had fever several weeks, and I nearly gave him up. When Mama's Uncle Anthony Stephenson and I administered to him, he told him he would get well, and I never doubted it any more. He got well and strong.

Helen got it and got to doing fine. I was killing a pig and got Mama to help me carry some water. We had some nuts on the top of the cupboard that my mother had brought. Helen got some while Mama was out, and her fever went way up high. We had fever medicine and I went to give her some. She said, "Don't give me that. Just administer to me and I'll be okay." I took her at her word and she went to sleep. When she woke the fever was gone.

I prayed that Della's arm would heal when she caught it in the wringer. It was the worst looking mess I had ever seen, but it healed although it looked impossible. When Foy shot his fingers off, Dr. White and other doctors examined him. The other doctors said they would have to take his hand off, but Dr. White said he might be able to save the hand, thumb, and finger. I said, "Save them as I know God will help you to save them."

I was at the hospital when Brother Ogsuolla's little son fell off the derrick and the doctors said he would be paralyzed from the waist down, and he would never walk again. His father anointed him and I sealed it. A week after that he was in a our Ward and saw me. He came running and put his arms around me and said, "See, you promised me I would run and play like the other boys. I can, and I am completely well."

When I was Group Leader of the High Priests, it fell our lot to go up to St. Mark's Hospital and administer to the sick. There was a young lady there who had trouble with her brain, and her mother had been unable to leave her for several days. Brother Harold Green and I administered to her. I sealed the anointing. The next night one of the brothers could not go to the hospital as scheduled so I took his place. I went right to the young girl's room and asked how she was. Her mother said she was a lot better and knew she would get well because I had promised her. I told her that if she had that kind of faith there was no doubt about her getting well. I told her she would get well and raise children, and she did get well soon.

When we lived in McCornick Millard County, Sister Heyburn was quite sickly. She sent for me many times and through her great faith God did heal her. They had a family of girls and at last got a son. He got pneumonia while I was over there finishing some fence.

Alden Oscar, son of Thomas Gledhill and Lilly Belle Ivie

I had finished the fence and was walking over to my sister Ida's place when I met the boy's father coming to get someone to help him administer to the boy. He said the doctor had just left and said there was no hope and it would be just a matter of hours until he would pass away. The father said, "We can't give him up. I'm glad you are here as my wife has so much faith in you."

When I looked at the boy, I felt the doctor was right. I felt he couldn't last long, but I kept offering a prayer to God that he would put the words in my mouth. God did. I promised him he would get well and go on a mission and be an instrument in God's hands of doing much good on this earth. When I stepped out the grandmother of this little boy followed me outside and said, "Brother Gledhill, you know what you promised that boy when you know very well he is dying." She was a trained nurse.

I said, "I think I know what God has said through me. The baby will get well; I know that without a doubt." She told me that she hoped I was right but thought it impossible. The boy did get well and go on his mission.

Nobody can tell me there is no God, because I know beyond a shadow of a doubt. I thank my Heavenly Father with all my heart and soul for his goodness to me and mine. I know that the gifts and the blessing are here for us if we are living for those blessings.

Maybe I had better tell of another blessing I got through faith and prayer. One day I was chasing a chicken when I ran into a dead limb, which stuck me almost in the eye. The sore healed and then a small ball or growth appeared. I was down at Richfield and my doctor brother examined my eye. He said if it was not a cancer it would be one. Dr. Vivian White cut it out for me, but there was a small sliver in it that had caused it. He said it looked like cancer to him so he sent me to Dr. Cowan, a cancer specialist. Dr. Cowan had another doctor treat it with radium. It got to be a bad sore, and Dr. Cowan said it would get to be ten times worse than that before it got any better. I felt that I could not stand that, so I called my family together and we had prayer. Rex and LaMar administered to me with the others laying on their hands. I never went back to the doctor. It soon healed. I was certainly healed by prayer.

I will relate a story how prayer and a good dog saved my life. I was herding sheep out on the desert and was camped about a mile from another camp. Some of the other herd had got mixed with mine. I walked over to tell the other herder about it. When I started back to my camp it started to snow and blow right in my face and I had to put my face down and could only see a few feet ahead. I kept walking until I knew I had walked as far as camp. My dog followed behind until I knew I was lost.

I stopped and told God that I was lost and that I would freeze to death if I did not get back to camp soon. My dog seemed to understand me when I told him I was lost. He ran off in a different direction than I was going and then ran back to me. He ran back and forth like he was happy I was going that direction, and soon took me back to camp.

Papa's story should be an inspiration to all of us. He is truly a spiritual man, but none of us could ever miss that twinkle in his eyes. As I type this, he is playing his harmonica for three of his grandchildren and do they love it, just as all of his children and grandchildren love him. D. L. G.



Alden Oscar Gledhill



Alden Oscar Gledhill

Eva Elizabeth Harmon Gledhill, wife to Alden Oscar, son of Thomas Gledhill and Lilly Belle Ivie

Life Story of Eva Elizabeth Harmon Gledhill

Probably Written around 1957

[Eva tells of her childhood and marrying Alden on May 5, 1909. They watched the Gledhill children while Thomas and Belle went to Ray's graduation from medical school.]

Alden had rented his father's farm in the spring but after the crops were all in and things looked good, his father gave him \$100.00 for his share of the crop. I was in Richfield with my sister for a few days when Alden came and said we were going to move to ourselves. So we took the hundred dollars and bought furniture—cook stove, cupboard, table, 2 kitchen chairs, and a bedroom set. Grandma [Lilly Belle Gledhill] went with us to see we got the right things. We went to one furniture store and she helped decide what we were to have, and then she went to do her own shopping. We went to another furniture store and got the same things, only the things we thought looked better.

After we moved to ourselves, Alden rode horseback three miles to work at the gypsum quarry. He swung a big sledge hammer all day for two dollars. We lived in that house that summer and winter and then bought a home. It had a big log room and two small rooms. We thought we had it fine and I made a rug out of rags which made it comfortable.

In the spring of 1910 we moved to Richfield and Alden farmed for Judge H N. Hayes. We lived there that summer and until December, and then Alden felt sorry for another fellow with a wife and baby and let him have his job and the house we lived in and we went back to Vermillion. He thought because we had a home we could get along, but he had no job and it was hard the rest of the winter. We had paid for our home and got a team, wagon, and harness, but we had ourselves and the team to feed. He only got odd jobs for a day now and then.

Lamar was born in that house on the 18th of May, and we lived there until the next spring. Alden was gone most of the winter [of 1911] as he was working on the canal. We had a cow and a few chickens and I use to wrap LaMar up and put him in a little folding buggy while I milked and fed the pig and chickens. LaMar's face would be red from cold and people told me I would freeze him, but he never got sick.

In the spring of 1912 Alden and his brother Ivo bought Grandpa [Gledhill's] farm. Aunt Jane, Ivo's wife, wouldn't live on the farm as she had always lived among lots of people. So we let them have our house and we fixed up the old farm house. It hadn't been lived in for years but used as a grainery. We papered and painted and fixed it up. It was larger and had [a] big room and kitchen and also a big room upstairs. We moved there about a week before LaMar was a year old, and everyone came down for his birthday. watch LaMar.



Eva Elizabeth
Harmon Gledhill

The canal was west of the house and Sevier River was south and east. So the first two years when we didn't have a fence, it was quite a job to to watch LaMar. We had a good dog that helped me watch him. There were big greasewood [in pencil: bushes] trees between the house and corral and LaMar would go out in them to play. When I couldn't see him I'd call Spot and he would come out. Sometimes Spot would get in front of LaMar and not let him go too near the canal.

One time I couldn't find LaMar and I called and called. Alden was raking hay, so I went to see if he was with him as he sometimes let LaMar ride. Alden came to help me hunt. There was an adobe chicken coop northwest of the house, but I had been out there and the door was locked. However the dog was there, so I hunted more thoroughly and as I went past there again I heard the chickens, so I opened the door and there he was. He had a stick and had gotten the setting hen off her nest and was breaking the eggs.

Della and Helen were born there. When Della was a baby, for three years Alden drove school wagon to Sigurd. He sold hay to Neil [McMillan] but he had to feed it to 150 head of cattle.

We both worked in the Church. He was First Counselor in the Mutual when we were married and I was Primary and Sunday School teacher. He was in the Superintendency for the Sunday School most of the time we lived in Vermillion and I was a block teacher in Relief Society. I use to take the babies and ride horse and buggy to Primary. Then we all went together to Sunday School. When we would drive in Grandpa's yard, LaMar would take Della by the hand and lead her across the street to Church.

In 1917 we sold the old farm and moved to Vermillion again. We bought another farm close to town and lived in another log house. There Ivo was born on January 10. We intended to build a new house, but in 1919 a new canal went through under the name of Sevier Land and Water Company and there was a big boom in Millard County. Alden and Fred went over and saw that the land was good and right now wanted to move. I didn't want to move over there and prayed that if we shouldn't, something would happen to hinder us from going. That was the winter the flu was bad. First Fred got sick and nearly died, and then Alden I got sick.

After we were well, we sold a lot of stock but kept 5 or 6 good milk cows. We had two good teams and wagons, two black top carriages [penciled in above: one white top] and a two-seated white [crossed out and in pencil: black] top Ford car. They left with teams loaded with

Eva Elizabeth Harmon Gledhill, wife to Alden Oscar, son of Thomas Gledhill and Lilly Belle Ivie

lumber and machinery. The first day they had trouble and came back and hired a fellow to go with teams, but he came back the second day. They should have taken warning, but they were determined to go.

LaMar was 8 years old and he drove one team and load of lumber. Alden got a carpenter and built the grainery which we lived in until the next March. All summer the wind blew the dust so badly, as everyone was clearing land. I cooked for seven hired men who were carpenters and masons. We built a lovely pressed-brick home with brick which Alden hauled by team from Oasis and were shipped there from Salt Lake.

Before we moved into our new home we had a cold winter. The floor of the grainery was up off the ground about four feet, so the cold would come through the floor. The walls were so open that the wind would whistle through them and blow snow in. I would have to sweep up snow before the children could get out of bed. We only had [a] cook stove to give warmth.

Building materials went up in price, as it was just after World War One. We also had to buy expensive hay for the teams and cows and haul it from Delta and Oak City. It would take all day and sometime into the night. With all the expenses and prices going up, we soon spent all our money. We had to borrow [in pencil crossed out: pay] water assessments about every two or three months. A lot of people came from all over, some as far as Arizona, but all were like us and soon had spent all they had. Some lived in shacks and others in tents and a few started houses but couldn't finish them. Some built basement houses. Alden had promised me a good home if I would go, so he built one, even if he shouldn't have done it.

All were a good bunch of Latter-day Saints and tried to live right. Many weeks passed before they got in touch with Stake Presidency and they came out. We met in an unfinished house and they organized a Sunday School. Fred Gledhill was made Presiding Elder as we were a branch of Holden Ward. Alden was made Superintendent of the Sunday School. We went to Holden for the first two or three months to Sacrament Meeting, but we held Sunday School there which was called McCor[n]ick.

They all worked hard but we all met together every Saturday afternoon and had ball games, etc. In the fall they built a school house, but it wasn't until after Christmas that we were able to hold school there. It was one mile from our place and they held church there, too. We moved into our house as soon as the plaster was dry. They were still working on the house when Luta was born on March 17, 1920.

When we were living in McCor[n]ick in the year of 1920 we had a siege of typhoid fever. LaMar, Helen, and Della had it very bad. LaMar had it nine weeks and all were all afraid he would never get well, but I felt he would live. We were seventeen miles from a doctor or town and there wasn't any drug store. Uncle Ray came over once and then wrote me what to do. I wrote him every day or night as I never had time to know which it was.

I never had my clothes off, only to change, for six weeks. Luta was only six months old and we had that dread disease for three months. We lived a quarter of a mile from our neighbor. We had no electricity, phone, washing, machine; we only had wood to burn; and we had to carry our water part of the time. But the Lord blessed us and gave me strength to stand the ordeal. We had faith and depended on the Lord for everything. We were blessed wonderfully and we have had a lot of good times along with some sorrows.

We lived there until March of 1923, when we again moved back to Vermillion. We traded our lovely home for one which was good home but only four rooms. We didn't know there was a mortgage on it, which fell due in July, so again we had to borrow money from J. M. Peterson bank. Merlin was born here June 7, 1924.

In the spring of 1926 we turned the home and farm back [crossed out and penciled above: over] to the bank and moved to Richfield to start over. We rented [the] first two years and then bought a home, rented land, and worked hard. The beets were blighted after the second thinning and so there wasn't much of a crop, but all worked and we got along pretty well.

The next spring Alden and another fellow bought a saw mill. The day school was out Della caught her arm in the wringer and she was in danger of loosing her left arm, and her right arm had been crippled at birth. She laid for weeks on her stomach with a high-powered light over her arm. She was administered to often and Uncle Ray was her doctor and called two or three times a day. He really worked with her and did more than any other doctor could have done. They took skin from Helen's leg and grafted it on Della's arm. It healed up and then the skin sloughed off. It was all summer before it healed completely. It is badly scarred but still is her best arm. Elaine was born November 6, 1926.

Of course we all worked in the Church while in Vermillion. Alden filled a Stake Mission in North Sevier Stake. I was President of the Y. W.M.I.A. The children took an active part and Alden was in the Superintendency again. While I was working in the Mutual, we put on several plays and we took one to several wards and did quite well. Both Alden and I were in the play. When we lived in Richfield I was Secretary of the Third Ward Relief Society.

We moved to Salt Lake in March of 1930 and I lived here in town with Merlin and Elaine until the house was ready. Alden and I were at the ranch ten miles west of the city. The girls stayed in Richfield until school was out in May and then came up and we lived on the ranch for eight years. Both Harmon Foy and Jerald L were born while we lived there.

We moved into Salt Lake in November 1938 and lived at 203 North 16th West until 1946. At present we live at 168 Duder Street. The two of

Eva Elizabeth Harmon Gledhill, wife to Alden Oscar, son of Thomas Gledhill and Lilly Belle Ivie

us have been here alone since Jerald went into the Navy in 1950. All of our children are married. We have eight children living as Ivo, our second son, died January 1, 1951. We have 35 grandchildren and one great grandson. Our great grandson and his parents are in Japan at the present time. We have a good home and our children come to see us quite often and are all good to us. We are blessed with good health. At the present time, Alden is doing a good deal of Church welfare work. We go to the temple quite often and are trying to do good.



Alden Oscar & Eva Elizabeth H. Gledhill



Alden Oscar & Eva Harmon Gledhill Family, abt. 1936

Back: Thomas Ivo, Luta, Alden Lamar, Eva, Alden, Merlin A., William & Della Gledhill Whitehead, Helen,
Front: Jerald L., Elaine, Harmon Foy

Cards are out announcing the marriage of Alden Gledhill and Miss Eva Harmon, which will take place at the Mantle temple, May 5, 1909.

Salt Lake Tribune, May 1, 1909

Mr and Mrs Thomas Gledhill were in attendance at the conference in Salt Lake

Mr and Mrs Alden Gledhill have moved down on their farm

Richfield Reaper, April 18, 1912

On Tuesday evening of last week a farewell party for Thomas Gledhill and wife and Alden and Fred Gledhill and their families was given in the Vermilion hall. Thomas Gledhill and wife are moving to Richfield while their sons Alden and Fred will hire themselves to Holden to make their future homes.

Herbert Snow came in last week from Alunite with a badly crushed foot.

Richfield Reaper, March 19, 1919

Town TALK

Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Card and Mr. and Mrs. Lewis J. Peterson visited Mr and Mrs. H. T. Meyer at Ephraim Sunday.

Lamar Gledhill, who has been employed in The Reaper shop, left for Salt Lake City Sunday to assist his father, who has leased a farm west of Salt Lake. Luta, Della and Helen, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Gledhill, will stay here until the school term closes.

Richfield Reaper, April 10, 1930

80th BIRTHDAY

Mr. Alden O. Gledhill will be honored with an open house Sunday, Sept. 8, from 2-7 p.m., at 168 No. Duder St. (1770 West). No gifts please.

Mr. Gledhill is father of 9 children, has 44 grandchildren and 23 great-grandchildren.



Salt Lake Tribune, September 1, 1968

Herbert France, son of Thomas Gledhill and Lilly Belle Ivie

Herbert France Gledhill

by Janese Christensen

Herbert France Gledhill was born on September 21, 1890 in Vermillion, Sevier, Utah to Lillie Belle Ivie and Thomas Gledhill. Herbert, called by his family "Bert," had light brown hair and blue eyes, and was of medium build. [Where did the name France come from? His grandmother's sister Mary Hague had married a Joshua France. Maybe that's where.] He was the fifth of nine children (the youngest a stillborn, un-named girl). . . .

An elaborate reception was given Mr. and Mrs. Bert Gledhill who were married several weeks ago at the Manti Temple in the Town Hall at Vermillion Thursday afternoon and evening of last week. The hall was effectively decorated in white and a magnificent banquet was served by the bridegroom's mother and sisters at their home. The first part of the evening was spent in listening to an interesting program, and the remainder of the time was spent in dancing. Mr. and Mrs. Ole Dastrup, Mr. and Mrs. Ivo Gledhill and Dr. F. R. Gledhill of Richfield were present.

Richfield Reaper, Jan 12, 1912

Bert attended Snow Academy and completed two years of high school with good grades. On December 13, 1911 he married Maggie Short McMillan who grew up with him in Vermillion. Her father, John McMillan, was a well-known cattleman. Bert became a farmer, living in nearby Sigurd.

He and Maggie had a son, Max Bert Gledhill, born November 24, 1912. Max lived 14 months before dying on February 6, 1914 from pneumonia complicated by pleurisy. Two years later they had another son, Millan France Gledhill, born August 15, 1916.

When Millan was 6 months old, Maggie died. She and Bert were in Salt Lake City when she experienced acute Bright's disease [nephritis] following an attack of pneumonia. She was rushed to the LDS hospital and died a few hours later on January 11, 1917 at the age of 22. Then six months later his brother Ivo died from complications following an appendix operation in July 30, 1917.

When the United States decided to fight in the Great War [WWI] in April 1917, Bert was ready to enlist as a way to handle his grief, but his mother convinced him to wait and see, for the sake of his son, what would be the outcome of the draft. His name was selected in the draft and he was inducted into the army. The day before he left for Camp Lewis, every family in the community attended the reception given in his honor.

He left Richfield on November 3, 1917, for Camp Lewis, near Tacoma, WA, then left there November 10, for Camp Mills, on Long Island, NY, where he spent Thanksgiving. He then went to Meritt, NJ and started overseas on December 12. He spent Christmas in England. His regiment was joined up with an English regiment and sent to France. Bert arrived in France on February 2, 1918, and was moved to the front in March, being part of the 26th Infantry Battalion in the 1st Division of the US Army. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., was the head of his battalion. Roosevelt wrote a book titled **Average Americans** that details the fighting experience of his battalion at this time in France.

Bert was in the trenches in the Picardy and Flanders campaigns of the German offensive, with the bombardment of artillery and gas. Bert wrote home that the battlefield "reminded him very much of a terrible thunder and lightning storm in the mountains around Fish Lake intensified a thousand fold." His brother Dr. Thomas Ray Gledhill reported that Bert's letters were always cheerful and full of hope for the future.

His battalion were involved in the first American offensive action in France, where they took from the Huns the elevated town of Cantigny, France. His battalion is given credit for holding Cantigny after it was taken. It was a major event for the morale boost it gave, as finally a victory in battle was had against the Huns and was considered a turning point in the war.

One soldier wrote of the area around Cantigny as very flat, so as if a soldier lifted up his head from his fox hole, he could be seen by the Huns in the town above them. It was hot, and days were long, as they just laid in the foxholes, waiting for the 5 or 6 hours of night's darkness so they could dig their foxholes deeper and eventually connect them together into trenches.

His mother, when writing his military record, indicated that just before being killed, Bert had volunteered to go guard men who were sleeping. While on duty he had stooped down and was struck by shrapnel in his side, killing him instantly. He had been recommended for a commission just before his death, and after his death it was awarded to him.

His grave-marker in the Villers Tournelle cemetery indicates that he died either May 20 or May 28, 1918. May 28 was the first day of the Cantigny battle, in which his Battalion played a major part. All other records indicate June 14, 1918 as the date of his death. This is the date remembered by the family as his death date, and is the one on his Sigurd headstone.

He was buried first near Broyes, due west of Montdidier, France. His body was moved after the war to Villers-Tournelle, Somme, France, and was buried in the American Cemetery, grave 135 Sec. O. [This location is now under a supermarket.] In 1921 his body was then shipped back to family, and he was buried in Sigurd, UT on April 3, 1921.

Bert's brother, Dr. Thomas Ray Gledhill, was given the task of informing his parents of Bert's death, after receiving the message from Adjutant General McCain. Later Dr. Gledhill enlisted in the Medical Reserve Corps, his response to his brother's death. The war ended before he was called to service.

Bert's death was the first in Sevier County, one of six deaths of which I could find a record. A memorial service was held at the old Gledhill home in Vermillion, where he had spent most his life. People from all over the county attended. Judge H. N. Hayes, LDS Stake President R. D. Young and LDS Bishop John Dastrup spoke. "A Perfect Day," "[C or H]ome to Me," "Tho' Deepening Trials," and "O My Father" were sang. Afterwards all went to the cemetery where a flag was planted by the side of his wife's grave, and the audience sang "America."

Herbert France, son of Thomas Gledhill and Lilly Belle Ivie

SEVIER COUNTY QUOTA IS NOW FILLED

Twenty-three Summoned by the Call
to the Colors to Leave Next
Saturday

ELEVEN MEN WILL RETURN FROM AMERICAN LAKE

**Rousing Patriotic Demonstration
Should be Given for Men Who
Complete Camp's Quota**

Out of 60 men sent to Camp Lewis, American Lake, from Sevier county 11 have been found with physical defects and will be sent home, according to a telegram received by the local board yesterday.

This means that 23 men will go from here on November 3, one week from today, to fill the quota of the county instead of 12 men as was at first supposed. The names drawn by the local board for this apportionment are as follows:

Samuel Melvin Hooper, Annabella; Henry B. Robison and Earl Kennedy, Aurora; Frederick Bell, Raymond Nielsen, Elsinore; Alfred L. Helquist, Leander E. Olson, Koosharem; Melvin Winget, Morris D. Hodges, Julius P. Jensen, John E. Anderson, Monroe; Thurman Gates, Angus McDonald, Satina; Herbert F. Gledhill, Sigurd; Dwight Bean, Alanson Gledhill, Hammer E. Peterson, Perceval E. Jorgensen, Richfield; Leo A. Jensen, Redmond; Lester T. Ross, Sevier; Joseph E. Cowley, Elwood Buchanan, Venice; Perl E. McBride, Austin.

These men will meet here next Friday afternoon for final instructions, and will leave on Saturday morning for Camp Lewis.

If no other exemptions crop up for physical reasons this will complete Sevier county's quota of 78 men for the service called by the draft.

There should be a rousing celebration for these boys, and their departure should be characterized by a patriotic display that will impress on the minds of the soldier boys that the heart of Sevier is with them in their service to their country.



Herbert France Gledhill with son Millan, 1917

Camp or Oversea Address	
Date of Birth	
White or Colored	
Mother	Lily Bell Iris Gable
Father	Thomas Gable
Education	at Spring Academy
2 year High	
Passed all Grades	
Occupation or Profession Before Entering Service	
Farmer	
Name of Employer	
Address of Employer	
Married? <u>Yes</u>	If Married Give Name of Wife <u>Mrs Maggie S. Gable</u>
Number of Children	<u>Two</u> Names of Children: <u>Max, T. Gable</u>

II.	
INDUCTION	
Date of Induction Into Service	3 Nov 1917
Method of Induction	<div style="display: flex; align-items: center;"> { (a) Selective yes </div> <div style="display: flex; align-items: center; margin-top: 10px;"> { (b) Volunteer </div>
Branch of Service	<div style="display: flex; align-items: center;"> { (Army) Co. M. 26 Inf. </div> <div style="display: flex; align-items: center; margin-top: 10px;"> { (Navy) </div> <div style="display: flex; align-items: center; margin-top: 10px;"> { (Marines) </div>
Name and Number of Company and Regiment	Compt. Co. E. 164 Inf. 2d. Y. A. E. F.
Division	41. Camp 1. 1st taking killed
Commanding Officer	His Capt. name. M. R. W. Clegg
If in Navy—Name of Ship
Other Organizations He Has Belonged to
Name of First Training Camp	Lewis. 1st Camp Lewis 10/10/18
Name of Other Training Camps	Mills. 2nd Camp Mills 11/18
Time Spent in Each Camp	At the 1st Camp, I was in France At the 2nd Camp, I was in France At the 3rd Camp, I was in France At the 4th Camp, I was in France
Remarks:	Don't know just how long but only a very little while he left Rockfield May 3 day of Nov. & was in Eng. for Xmas. Spent Thanksgiving in N.Y.
III.	
OVERSEA SERVICE	
Date of Transportation Overseas	about the 12 of Dec. 1917
Place of Overseas
Remarks:
V.	
CASUALTIES	
Killed in Action:	yes
Date	14 day of June 1918
Place	Cartigny, France
Died of Disease:
Disease
PROMOTIONS	
Rank at Entrance Into Service	Pvt.
Previous Military Training	none
Promotions, with Date of Each	Was promoted but killed before he got it
If Discharged, Give Date
Citations for Bravery, etc.	Volunteered to go
Remarks:
His body passed after the war to Villers Joumelle, Somme. Grave 135 Sec. C. France.	

Herbert France, son of Thomas Gledhill and Lilly Belle Ivie



Herbert F. Gledhill's marker in France



World War I memorial in Cantigny, France



Herbert Gledhill, abt. 1917

UTAH BOY KILLED ON FRENCH FRONT

RICHFIELD, June 27.—A telegram received here yesterday addressed to Mrs. L. B. Gledhill, from Adjutant General McCain at Washington, D. C., announces officially the death of her son, Private Herbert F. Gledhill, killed in action in France, June 14.

Private Gledhill was sent to Camp Lewis in the fall of 1917, among the first contingents of the new army, and, after a short time there, was attached to the Twenty-sixth infantry. He went to New York, then to England, where his regiment was joined to an English regiment, and went over to France. He was seven months on the front, and participated in all of the big battles of this year.

Private Gledhill lost his young wife shortly before he went into the army. He was 27 years old, and is survived by an infant son, his father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Gledhill of Sigurd, four brothers, Dr. T. R. Gledhill of Richfield, Lafayette, Fred and Alden Gledhill of Sigurd, two sisters, Mrs. Randall Christensen of Moroni and Mrs. Ernest Nebeker of Richfield.

—oo—

Ogden Daily Examiner, June 28, 1918

MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR HERBERT GLEDHILL

Held at the Old Home at Vermillion Where Young Man Had Spent His Life.

One of the most impressive memorial services ever seen in this section was the one held at Vermillion on Sunday in honor of Herbert F. Gledhill, whose glorious death at the front was chronicled last Saturday.

The services were held in the home surrounding the childhood home of the young hero, a most appropriate place for such memorial services, and citizens from every part of the county attended to do honor to the young man who sacrificed his life for the freedom of the world.

Bishop John Dastrup of the Sigurd Ward had charge of the solemn services, and music was furnished by a quartette of singers from Richfield under the direction of Geo. M. Jones. Judge H. N. Hayes delivered a splendid address on the heroic death of the soldier fighting for the glorious cause of world liberty. It was such an address as could be expected from Judge Hayes, who is filled with the importance and glory of America and the part we are playing in the great war.

President R. D. Young and Bishop Dastrup paid glowing tributes to the honor, integrity and the simple honesty and religious life of Herbert Gledhill. No greater tributes could have been paid to anyone than these speaking paid to the young soldier who, in his home life and on the battlefield, was always a hero.

Musical numbers were furnished by Mrs. Garn Clark who sang, "A Perfect Day," and the quartette sang "Come to Me," "The Deepening Lays," and "O My Father."

After the services the large audience formed a cortege and went to the cemetery where a flag was planted by the side of the wife of the hero and "America" was sung by the audience in reverence and patriotism.

The exercises throughout were comforting, consoling and encouraging to the stricken relatives, and were altogether fitting and appropriate.

Richfield Reaper,
July 6, 1918

HERBERT F. GLEDHILL
of Richfield, who was
killed in action on western
front in France.



Salt Lake Tribune, June 29, 1918

Herbert France, son of Thomas Gledhill and Lilly Belle Ivie

HERBERT F. GLEDHILL LAID TO FINAL REST

Burial With Military Honors Sunday
Afternoon in Sigurd

Taps were sounded, the bang of a volley reverberated from the nearby hills, and then the grave was closed over the body of Herbert F. Gledhill, who had died on the battlefields in France the death for his country. He had paid his supreme sacrifice on June 14, 1918. The remains of the young hero were shipped from France for final interment in native soil, arrived here Thursday night, and funeral services were held Sunday afternoon.

The Jensen-Colby post of the American Legion, led by County Commander H. E. Beal, was in charge of the military part of the funeral. They called for the body at the Warner Undertaking parlor and paraded in mourning procession down Main street to the Johnston hotel before the long cortege of automobiles joined the funeral procession to Sigurd. At the outskirts of Sigurd the Legion boys of Sigurd joined their comrades of Richfield, taking the remains to the Sigurd meeting house, where most impressive funeral services were held, Bishop Irvin L. Warnock officiating. Chas. Payne of Vermillion offered the benediction. Music was furnished by the quartet of the Third ward of Richfield, under direction of John Hood, with Mrs. J. E. Hepple as accompanist and Miss Naomi Hepple and John Hood as soloists. Words of praise for the departed hero and consolation for the survivors were spoken by Theo. D. Martin of Richfield, and Commander Alma Haight, President John Dastup and Bishop Warnock of Sigurd. Mr. Thompson of Sigurd offered the concluding prayer, whereupon the body was taken to the Sigurd cemetery to be buried alongside the grave of the hero's wife, who died in the spring of 1917 before Herbert joined the U. S. army. The grave was dedicated by A. Knight, Sr., of Sigurd.

Richfield Reaper, April 7, 1921

To Utah may come the distinction of having the first war orphan. He is Millan F. Gledhill, the infant son of Herbert F. Gledhill, who was killed in France, June 14, 1918. The infant boy's mother died at Sigurd, Utah, November 3, 1917.

Brigham Bulletin, August 1, 1918

Sigurd Hero Leaves Little Son

Special Dispatch.

SIGURD, Utah, June 28.—Herbert F. Gledhill, who was killed in action in France, was a native of this place. His wife is dead, but their little son, Millan S. Gledhill, survives, as well as the following brothers and sisters: Dr. D. E. Gledhill of Richfield, Alvah, Fred and Ben (all of this place, and two sisters, Mrs. Ida Christensen and Mrs. Tillie Nebecker.

Young Gledhill comes of a highly respected family here, his parents being Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Gledhill. His father is a bookkeeper.

Educated in the school here, young Gledhill married and took a local position, but last summer he entered the army, and eventually left for the East and France. He was popular with the younger set of the community and well liked by all the citizens generally.

Salt Lake Telegraph, June 6, 1918



Headstone in Sigurd cemetery,
ordered in 1944

DR. GLEDHILL JOINS MEDICAL RESERVE CORPS

Dr. T. R. Gledhill is the first Richfield physician to be accepted and listed in the medical reserve corps. The doctor presented himself before the proper officials in Salt Lake recently, and was accepted. He was notified to hold himself in readiness for immediate service, but that he might not be called until next spring.

Dr. Gledhill is anxious to serve the county, and Mrs. Gledhill is perfectly resigned to the doctor going to the service.

Recently Dr. Gledhill was notified that his brother Herbert had been recommended for a commission just at the time he was killed in action, and that the commission had been granted, but too late to do honor to the young man who gave his life for his country's honor.

Richfield Reaper, Sept. 21, 1918

CARD OF THANKS

Deeply impressed by the services held over the remains of our beloved son and brother, Herbert F. Gledhill, who died the death for his country on the battlefields in France, we wish to tender our most heartfelt thanks to the American Legion, the bishoptric of Sigurd, the Third ward quartet and everybody who assisted at the services and gave us so wonderful proofs of sympathy.

MR. AND MRS. THOMAS GLEDHILL AND FAMILY.

Richfield Reaper, April 7, 1921

HERO'S BODY RE- TURNED TO RICHFIELD

Remains of Herbert F. Gledhill Arrived in Hoboken Friday Morning

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Gledhill received a wire Friday stating that the body of their son, Herbert F., has arrived in Hoboken and will be transported to any point the parents of the fallen hero wish. According to the instructions given by the parents, the remains will be brought to Richfield and funeral services will be held upon arrival, after which the body will be taken to Sigurd for interment in the same place where the dead soldier's wife and baby are sleeping the sleep from which there is no awakening.

Herbert F. Gledhill is one of the American heroes who made the supreme sacrifice for the sake of humanity. He enlisted in the U. S. army November 3, 1917, received his first training in Camp Lewis and Camp Mills, and after a very short time went "over there" with the 26th infantry, going with one of the first divisions sent to the battlefields in France. The young hero was in action since then almost incessantly until a German shrapnel made his immortal soul part from his mortal body on the 14th day of June, 1918, on the battlefield of Chantigny.

Arrangements for the funeral rites will be made as soon as the body arrives here, and the local post of the American Legion will provide the military honors for their dead comrade.

Richfield Reaper, March 24, 1921

Fred Ovi, son of Thomas Gledhill and Lilly Belle Ivie

Fred Ovi Gledhill

by Janese Christensen



Fred Ovi Gledhill, 1914

was born on August 27, 1914, three months after his departure. He served a two-year mission.

When he registered for the World War I draft in 1917, he was farming, had two children, and was a private in the State Militia. He described himself as medium in height, slender, with light blue eyes and black hair. His registration number was 554. His brother Herbert France Gledhill's number was 8.

In 1919 he nearly died from the flu. Once better, he and family moved to McCornick, Utah to farm. By 1920 he had three children, Clifford, Chad and Betty. They lived in-between his brother Alden Oscar Gledhill and sister Ida Belle Gledhill Christensen.

Fred was the Presiding Elder in 1919 and then Bishop of the McCornick Ward from 1922 to 1923. He was ordained a bishop May 13, 1922 by James E. Talmage at age 27.

Fred left McCornick in 1923, discouraged by drought and harsh conditions. In 1930 he was living in Los Angeles with two more children, Joy and Fred O. Jr. He was working as a janitor at a public school. In 1933 in the Richfield Reaper his address is given as Hollywood. In 1940 he was working as a custodian at UCLA. By 1955 his had retired.

He came to Utah for the funeral of his brother Thomas Ray, then had a stroke at his son clifford's home in Salt Lake City and died on March 6, 1955, ten days after his brother's funeral. He was 62 years old. He was buried at the Inglewood Park Cemetery in Los Angeles on March 10, 1955.

Fred Ovi Gledhill was born August 28, 1892 in Vermillion, UT to Thomas and Lilly Belle Ivie Gledhill. Fourteen days after his birth, on September 11, 1892, his father Thomas Gledhill was called on a mission to England. He left his family two days later on September 13th to go on his mission.

Fred grew up in Vermillion. He was baptized August 28, 1900 by his brother Thomas Ray.

He was engaged to be married to Tena Andreason of Salina in 1910, but she died suddenly of appendicitis. On Dec 17, 1913 he marries Julia Barron of Vermillion in the Manti Temple at age 21. Five months later he left on a mission to the Eastern States on May 13, 1914. Their first son, Clifford Ovi

ANDREASON, TENA — At Mt. Pleasant, Aug. 24, Miss Tena Andreason, the 19-year-old daughter of Mr. M. C. Andreason, of Salina, Sevier county, Utah, died of appendicitis, after a week's illness. Miss Andreason was taken to the hospital at Mt. Pleasant, but died before an operation was performed. Her body was returned to Salina and funeral over the remains was held in the Latter-day Saints' meetinghouse, Aug. 25. Elders T. G. Humphrey, C. A. Mattison, H. F. Jorgensen and Bishop G. Lorentzen spoke highly of the virtues, kindly traits and amiable disposition of the deceased. Music was furnished by the Salina choir, assisted by H. F. Jorgensen of Salina, Miss Carrie Marquardson of Elsinore and Mrs. Katie Burch of Mt. Pleasant who rendered beautiful solos. Miss Andreason is survived by her father, four brothers and five sisters. Her mother preceded her two years ago. The deceased was engaged to be married during the latter part of October to Mr. Fred Gledhill of Sigurd, Utah.

Deseret Evening News
August 27, 1910

On Tuesday evening of last week a farewell party for Thomas Gledhill and wife and Aldon and Fred Gledhill and their families was given in the Vermillion hall. Thomas Gledhill and wife are moving to Richfield while their sons Aldon and Fred will hire themselves to Holden to make their future homes.

Richfield Reaper, March 19, 1919

Last Sunday Mr Dastrup and wife also Mr Fred Gledhill of the new Town site located below Holden was in attendance at our Sacrament Meeting, Mr Gledhill being called upon to talk gave us a very good Sermon which we all enjoyed, and we will ask him to come again as we are getting very neglectful and need a good stirring up very often.

Millard County Progress Review
June 13, 1919



Fred Ovi Gledhill

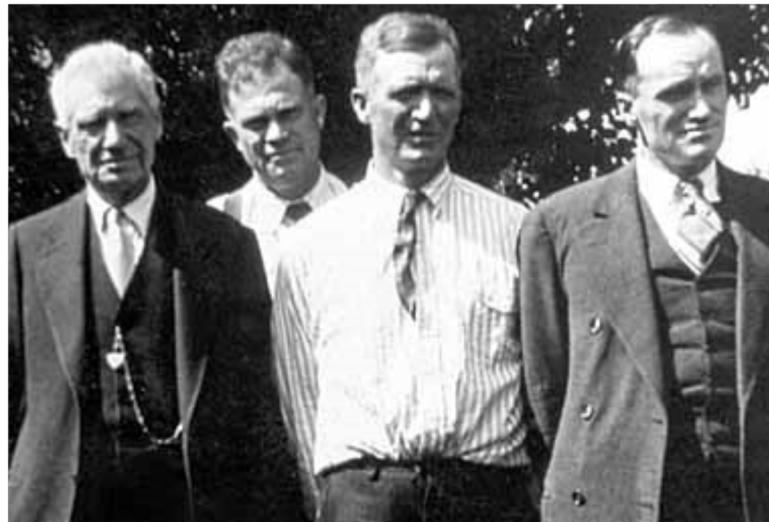


Fred Ovi and Julia Barron Gledhill

Fred Ovi, son of Thomas Gledhill and Lilly Belle Ivie



The Julia Barron and Fred Ovi Gledhill Family in about 1920
Emma Joy, Julia, Chad Barron, Fred Ovi, Betty Bell, Clifford Ovi



Thomas Gledhill with his sons, Thomas Ray, Alden Oscar and
Fred Ovi, probably around 1933

McCORNICK MITES

The McCornick Merc. Co. have moved into their new building and are ready with a good stock and an accommodating manager to take care of the trade of the people between Delta and Holden.

Bishop O. F. Gledhill and his brother A. O. Gledhill were in Salt Lake on business last week.

Thos. Gledhill of Richfield visited his children here a few days last week. His daughter Mrs. Millie Nebeker accompanied him. Mrs. Randall Christensen returned with them to Richfield for a short stay.

A family dinner was given at the Thomas Gledhill home in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Gledhill and family of Hollywood and Mr. and Mrs. Alden Gledhill and family of Salt Lake. Other guests were Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Nebeker and family, Mrs. Marnie Gledhill, Lavoy Gledhill and family, Mr. and Mrs. Adrian Peterson, Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Gledhill and Milan Gledhill. The same crowd was entertained at a dinner Monday at the home of Dr. and Mrs. T. R. Gledhill.

Richfield Reaper,
Sept. 7, 1933

Millard County Chronicle,
May 5, 1921

1. PLACE OF DEATH a. COUNTY Salt Lake		2. USUAL RESIDENCE (Where deceased lived. If institution, residence before admission) a. STATE California b. COUNTY Los Angeles	
b. CITY (If outside corporate limits, write RURAL) OR TOWN Salt Lake City		c. LENGTH OF STAY (With place) 13 Hours	
d. FULL NAME OF (If not in hospital or institution, give street address or location) HOSPITAL OR INSTITUTION L.D.S. Hospital		e. CITY (If outside corporate limits, write RURAL) OR TOWN Los Angeles	
3. NAME OF DECEASED (Type or Print) FRED		4. DATE OF DEATH March 6, 1955	
5. SEX Male		6. COLOR OR RACE White	
7. MARRIED, NEVER MARRIED, WIDOWED, DIVORCED Married		8. DATE OF BIRTH Mo. Day Year Aug. 28 1902	
10a. OCCUPATIONAL STATUS (Give kind of work done most of time during life, even if retired) Retired		9. AGE (In yrs. last birth- Mo. Days Hrs. Mi) 62	
10b. KIND OF BUSINESS OR INDUSTRY Custodian-U.C.C.A.		11. BIRTHPLACE (City and State or foreign country) Vermillion, Utah	
12. CITIZEN OF WHAT COUNTRY? USA		13. FATHER'S NAME Thomas L. Gledhill	
14. MOTHER'S MAIDEN NAME Lillie Belle Ivie		15. MOTHER'S MAIDEN NAME Julia Isabella Barron	
15. WAS DECEASED EVER IN U.S. ARMED FORCES No		16. SOCIAL SECURITY NO. 17. INFORMANT AND ADDRESS Los Angeles, California	
17. CAUSE OF DEATH Enter only one cause per line for (a), (b), and (c)		18. MEDICAL CERTIFICATION INTERVAL BETWEEN ONSET AND DEATH 14 hrs	
19a. DATE OF OPERATION		19b. MAJOR FINDINGS OF OPERATION	
20. AUTOPSY? YES <input type="checkbox"/> NO <input checked="" type="checkbox"/>		21a. ACCIDENT SUICIDE HOMICIDE	
21b. PLACE OF INJURY (e.g., in or about home, farm, factory, street, office bldg., etc.)		21c. (CITY OR TOWN) (COUNTY) (STATE)	
21d. TIME OF INJURY (Month) (Day) (Year) (Hour) m.		21e. INJURY OCCURRED While at Work <input type="checkbox"/> Not While at Work <input type="checkbox"/>	
21f. HOW DID INJURY OCCUR?			
22. I HEREBY CERTIFY THAT I ATTENDED THE DECEASED FROM March 5 to March 6 1955 to March 6 to 1955 THAT I LAST SAW THE DECEASED ALIVE ON March 6, 1955 AND THAT DEATH OCCURRED AT 8:30 A.M. FROM THE CAUSES AND ON THE DATE STATED ABOVE.			
23. SIGNATURE			

Certificate of Death, Utah

Ida Belle, daughter of Thomas Gledhill and Lilly Belle Ivie

Autobiography of Ida Belle Gledhill Christensen Buchanan, Written in 1977

I was born January 28, 1896 in Vermillion, Sevier County, Utah to Thomas and Lillie Belle Ivie Gledhill. The story of when I was born was told to me by my cousin Adelle Gottfredson Jensen. She was 11 or 12 years older than I. As we sat talking one day in 1973, she turned to me and said, "I know what happened when you were born." My parents had 6 boys and wanted girls. Three and one-half years before when my father went on his mission to England, he had been promised in his patriarchal blessing that he would have daughters. So when I came along, on a cold January day, Father was so elated that he went to the church house, got out the flag, put it up, and rang the old church bell. So everyone in the town of Vermillion knew that Tom and Belle Gledhill had a baby girl. I was so happy to hear the story; to know that someone was really happy when I came to earth. I was blessed by my uncle James Oscar Ivie on June 3, 1896.

My parents were married by my uncle, Pete Gottfredson, in a log cabin which stood where the old rock house in Vermillion (that we later lived in) is now. They went to Salt Lake 6 months later and were endowed and sealed there. They raised 6 boys (Ray, Lafay, Ivo, Alden, Bert, and Fred) in our first house on the farm outside of Vermillion. Then in September 1892, when Fred was 16 days old, Father went on a mission to England. Mother was still confined to bed when he left. The farm had been rented out, but the rent wasn't enough to feed the family. Mother sewed, knitted socks, and made soap for her family, and sold to others for a bit of money. She had cows, so she churned butter, and sold that and eggs to the store. She did have help from her neighbors and friends. Aunt Mae came to live with her for a while. My sister and I were born after my father's mission.

Father and some friends built that first house of ours on the farm outside Vermillion, where I was born. It had a cellar, two rooms on the main floor, a loft, and a long porch which faced the west. Father and Mother, and my sister and I slept in beds on the main floor. My brothers slept on straw up in the loft. We had kerosene lamps for the downstairs, but when the boys went to bed in the loft, they had to use candles. Whenever any of the boys got sick, they were brought downstairs by the fire until they got better. We dumped the ashes from the stove in the outhouse to keep the smell down, and once the outhouse was burned down by a live coal.

All during the time I was growing up we had people living with us. There were many tramps in those days, but they never left our house without a meal. Mother always made room for lodging travelers. She charged some people, like the Watkins man or a clothes salesman. We took care of Grandpa Ivie in our home from about 1901 until his death in 1909 and also Mother's half sister Luta from 1901 to 1903. My brother Ivo died from complications following an appendix operation in 1917 and then his wife Jane Ogden Gledhill died of flu during the epidemic of 1918.

They left two girls, Ivie and Melba, ages 3 and 5. Mother raised them

until her death in 1929, and then Father raised them until they got married. My children and I also lived with my father after my husband Randall's death in 1928, and my mother's death in 1929.

One of my earliest recollections was the summer I was 4 [1900]. I was a favorite with my Dad. He would take me with him whenever he could. One time the whole family was going to Fish Lake for the summer. It was a day and a half trip. Dad and I were to go in the white top (buggy) late in the evening, and Mother and the rest were to follow the next day in the wagon with the rest of the things. Dad was a ranger and Grandpa Ivie was the fish commissioner that year. When Dad and I got to Burrville, it was dark and we found that Grandpa Ivie was at the Burr's. Aunt Violet (Father's sister and Grandpa's third wife) had died at Fish Lake because of her heart, and they were bringing her body back home. We sent word to Mother not to come, and waited until the next day to go back to Vermillion with Grandpa Ivie and the body. That night, Luta, their girl, was almost inconsolable and whenever she cried, so would I. The Burr's gave us the largest stick of peppermint candy I'd ever seen. Grandpa and Luta lived with us after that, until Luta died on May 31, 1903 and Grandpa on March 10, 1909.

My sister Millie and I were born close together, so we did things together. Millie was born on September 30, 1897 at my brother Lafay (pronounced LAY-fee) and Mamie's house in Vermillion. My brothers used to live with them in the winter, instead of out on the farm, since it made it easier for them to get to school.

Mother didn't want Millie and I to freckle, so she would sew our bonnets to our hair to keep us from taking them off. As youngsters, I always had brown hair and Millie had blonde, so Mother would wash her hair in lemon juice or vinegar to keep it blonde. It didn't much help though, as Millie had brown hair when she grew older.

Millie and I would sit on little red chairs in the front of the buggy when Dad and Mother went to Richfield. Sometimes they would leave us home with the boys, but we'd always watch and run out to meet them when we saw them coming back, so that we could ride a little ways home with them. One time we saw them coming with some red things and excitedly ran out to meet them. They had bought us two red parasols, and when we got out to the buggy, they opened up the parasols and drove past us like freight to a tramp. Then they stopped and, when we caught up, they let us have the parasols. No present was ever nicer. Mother made a ruffle on mine so we could tell them apart.

We took baths once a week. On Saturday about noon, Mother would always put the boiler on the stove to heat water for our baths, so in the middle of the afternoon Millie and I and Mother would have a bath and wash our hair. Then another boiler was put on the stove for the boys and Dad to bathe in when the chores were done. In the summer our whole family would go down to the river for our bath. The boys and Dad bathed in the pools that were too deep for us. Mother and we two girls sat in the ripples and the less deep places. We sure had a lot of fun.

Ida Belle, daughter of Thomas Gledhill and Lilly Belle Ivie

I had scarlatina in my early years on the old farm. I couldn't be isolated much, but Dad made me a small bed and Mother surrounded it with newspaper. Millie was told she couldn't come where I was, so she would get me playthings and throw them in the bed for me. Mother would give me nasty medicine, and I'd spit up the pills, so she'd try mashing them in a spoon and mixing them honey, sugar, or what have you. I still hated them and would crawl down in the covers to the foot of the bed to avoid it, but it never worked. I still had to take the medicine.

Our first house, out on the farm, had an old cellar with homemade rock walls, where Mother kept milk on some shelves. Once she wondered why the cream was getting disturbed. One day at dusk she went down into the cellar and screamed, "Snake!" Dad came running. Mother lit the lamp and Dad told her to leave it on the steps while he went to look. The big blow snake started for a hole in the wall when Dad came down, but Dad caught the snake about a half yard from the end of his tail. He put his feet against the wall and tried to pull the snake out of the hole. Suddenly a foot of snake skin came off in his hands, and the snake disappeared into the hole. Dad daubed the hole up, but in a few days the snake was back rattling his bare bones. This time Dad killed it. But ever after that, Millie and I were afraid to go down in the cellar. So when we were sent to get something from the cellar, we always went together to keep up our courage.

I must have been about 5 years old (about 1901) when we moved into the rock house in Vermillion. We got it from my uncle, Pete Gottfredson. It seemed like a paradise to us. It had 5 rooms downstairs and 2 big rooms upstairs. Dad partitioned off the upstairs into 4 bedrooms and a big hall, where we played on rainy days. The stairs came up from the big dining room and when I was dating, I'd take off my shoes if I came in late, to try to pass my parents door quietly, so they wouldn't hear me come in. But just as I'd get to the top of the stairs, one parent would say, "Ida, is that you?" I never made it past them. I'm glad I didn't now, but not then. Mother's upstairs bedroom had a pipe going through it from the stove in the dining room below, making it warmer. We'd go in her room to dress by the pipe. When Grandpa Ivie came to live with us, he used the downstairs bedroom. After he died, Mother took in teachers as boarders, and they used the downstairs bedroom.

A number of years after we moved into the rock house, my brother Alden and his wife Eva lived in the old house out on the farm, and at other times, some renters. Eventually it burned down. One day Alden's wife, Eva, was washing clothes in the wringer washer outside the back door. She carried a load of clothes out and put them in the washer. When she opened the lid later, a snake popped out. She threw up her hands and was scared up to the back of her neck. She was pregnant at the time, and since in those days people thought that everything you did marked the child, she was anxious when it was born to see that there was no snake mark on the back of her child.

After moving into the rock house, we had lots of horses and cattle. We children had a pony, named Old Pacer, that we considered ours. He was our love and joy. All who could pile on him, could ride. If one of us fell off, he would stop and wouldn't take a step, even holding his foot up because he might step on us. When we took the cows to the farm pasture, Old Pacer would go round up all the cows, and we never had to guide him. The cows had worn tunnels through the bushes and he'd follow the cows into the tunnels. He was taller than the cows though, and with me on top of him, I'd really get scratched up. I always went to get the cows, since Millie was younger.

We had an organ and my parents wanted me to learn to play it. I took lessons from Reginold Brain of England and New York, and I hated him. He would come by horse and buggy once a week to teach pupils. To delay the lessons, I would ride Old Pacer down through all the tunnels and get all scratched up for as long as I could stand it before going back for the lesson. Sometimes I'd miss the lesson altogether. When he came Dad would feed his horse and Mother would give him dinner to pay for the lesson. He was strict and hit my fingers with a ruler. Later I took music lessons from Lizzie Hansen and I really liked her.

I have many memories of the time when I was growing up. In the evenings, as the cooling breezes came up and the river gurgled close by, the family would gather on the large porch which went across the front of our house, and "while away" the warm twilight. With eight children there was always lively chatter to accompany the crickets that serenaded us each evening. Usually it didn't take much coaxing before Grandpa Ivie would tell us a story, sometimes about his adventures as a colonel in the Black Hawk War. Then, of course, there were usually peas to shell or beans to snap. The trees planted in a row south of the house would whisper as the daylight dwindled and then finally, as the twilight faded to night, the owls would begin to cry hungrily from their straw nests in the willow rafters of the shed. Then we would go to bed, sometimes reluctantly, sometimes tired after a long day of work. When the mosquitoes would get bad, the boys would put coals in the bottom of an old tin pan, put weeds on top of the coals, and make a smudge to keep away the mosquitoes. It worked, too.

I remember one evening with my family on the porch especially well. I must have been about six years old. My father had let each of the children choose a horse to be theirs for the summer; to ride and to be a special pet. This particular summer he had encouraged me to pick the gentle, sun-colored Old Pacer. My brother Ivo, who was about fifteen, had picked Black Beauty, a smart two-year old, for his pony. Black was still too small for him to ride much, but he spent hours teaching her tricks. She was clever and a quick learner, and would do anything he asked. He taught her to rear back on her hind legs and then to place her front hooves on whatever item he indicated--a box, the fence, even Ivo's shoulders or knees. One day we worked out a surprise for the family. Ivo taught Black to place her hooves on my shoulders. It made me feel mighty important.

Ida Belle, daughter of Thomas Gledhill and Lilly Belle Ivie

The next evening we decided to show off for the ready audience on the porch. Ivo put on a little show, leading Black through her various tricks. The family applauded and I became impatient for my turn; anxious to impress them. Finally my turn came. Maybe I was too fidgety and excited, and I spooked Black. Maybe Ivo had her put up her front hooves too soon and she came down too hard on my shoulders. I've never been sure exactly what happened, but one minute I was standing and waiting for my moment of glory, and the next minute I was face down in the dirt with my left arm broken both above and below my elbow. Mother, a veteran of the many accidents of my six older brothers, remained calm as Grandfather, a country doctor with no formal education, reset the upper break and then reset the bone protruding jaggedly through the skin of my fore arm, and finally stitched the gaping wound closed.

Each night after that, when I fell asleep in my newspaper-stuffed trundle bed, Mother and Grandfather would mix up a poultice of onion and salt and wrap it gently onto my arm. The poultice caused my arm to throb and ache so painfully that I would wake up almost immediately and fight like a wild thing to get it off. In later years, Mother and Grandfather often shook their heads and laughed as they recalled their heroic efforts each night to keep me still with the poultice intact for a few moments. I've always believed that their valiant efforts have been rewarded, for my arm healed quickly and without any complication from infection; despite Grandfather's rather crude tools of medicine and lack of absolute sanitation. I have since had my arm X-rayed and although a line can be seen indicating the break in my upper arm, I have never been pained or had any trouble with my arm because of my misfortune as a performer.

Ivo had another black horse named Prince. I was riding him one time when our dog Sport came running around the house and scared Prince. I fell off and broke my arm again. Grandpa Ivie took care of my arm for me, but I never got to ride Prince again. He was too dangerous for me.

When Old Pacer got old, Dad sold him to a Glenwood man. We were heartbroken, so when the man came to get him, we tried to hide Old Pacer so that Dad would think he wasn't there. Our house was surrounded by trees and good fences and Mother had planted hops around the fences, that she used in making root beer. In places the hops would grow right up into the trees, so we hid Old Pacer under the hops. It didn't work though. I can see now why Dad sold him. He thought it better for us to see him sold than to see him die. Old Pacer did die a short time later.

As I got older, I rode the horse that dumped the loads of hay off the wagon and onto the stack. I would ride him up and back, but only for a short distance, while Dad tended the ropes. Later I drove the team that hauled the loads of hay into the yard, and would switch the team from the wagon to the unloading ropes, to unload the hay from the wagon and dump it on the stack. Dad had a quick temper, but he kept it controlled, except when the ropes broke and the hay rolled to the wrong places and covered him up. Later he sold the farm and, since that made it so there was less work for the boys, they took over the chores with the cattle that I had been doing, and I felt left out.

Dad had many cattle for those times and when they were dehorned, we'd gather up the horns, after they were dry, and pretend like they were our cattle in the mountains or fields. We would paint some horns and would throw them in the brushy places, and then our roundup was getting all the horns back. I think we learned to count because of horns.

When the boys milked the cows, Millie and I would take a cup out and have the boys fill it with milk, fresh from the cow. We sure thought that it was nectar. Mother would not let Millie and I go thin beets very often. When she did let us, the boys were so much faster than we, that they did our work anyway. I helped Dad with the farming and Millie helped Mother. We had sugar beets and a one-horse cultivator. Dad walked behind the cultivator and tried to keep it from cutting the beets while I rode the horse up and back. I could tell him all my troubles, and he taught me many things. I've always felt that our talks shaped my life. How I loved Dad. We talked about everything under the sun, and from him I got my sex education; never from my mother.

Dad was quick spoken and exact in his words. He required obedience, and his "No" meant no, and you didn't ask again. He only whipped me once, but it was my own fault. Mother was not well, but she had got out of bed to wash Millie's and my hair. As our hair was drying, Millie and I went out in the road where the dust was ankle deep, and threw dirt into the air to play like it was raining. Our hair was really a mess, and we got switched. I always went to Dad with my troubles. I never liked a hat or a dress unless he liked it. He bought me a beaver hat that was my pride and joy, and it was he who bought me the furs, the velvet dress, and other things that I thought were extra special.

I was never very close to my mother in my early years. I grew up feeling that she loved Millie more than me, and feel so badly for having lost her for so long during my early life. I thought that my mother was a most beautiful woman. Her hair was naturally wavy and was never out of place. She was always dressed up, even in a house dress. She wore two aprons--a nice one underneath and an outside one that she could take off if someone came to the door unexpectedly. She had a fine personality and was able to let everyone, whether she cared for them or not, feel welcome and appreciated. Everyone felt that she was their friend. She was deeply spiritual and made everything an act of God and a blessing to each of us. After I had my own children, I began to realize that my mother really did love me, and began to get close to her. But I had her for such a short time before she died, and I've hated all the time I lost.

Mother never whipped us. She would hit our heads with a thimble, or tell us to go and get a stick. When this happened, Millie would bring in the smallest stick she could find, and of course Mother would laugh, and everything would be alright.

Sometimes when I got angry and jealous of how Millie was treated, I would pack a bucket with eats from the old pantry and run away. I'd go north down the railroad track. Of course, I'd get hungry and eat what I had brought. Then after thinking it over, I'd go back home. There I would discover that they hadn't even missed me, so I would get in the corner and wait, until they noticed me again.

Ida Belle, daughter of Thomas Gledhill and Lilly Belle Ivie

When the boys herded cows, we girls would go along and hunt for arrowheads, bird nests, etc. There wasn't much other fruit in those days, so we picked bullberries. The older folks would break off the tall berry limbs. The limbs were then put on a wagon cover and the berries were beaten off the bushes. We also knocked off lots of leaves with the berries, and so we had to pick out the leaves. Mother made the berries into pies, dumplings, and bottled some for a treat in the winter.

In later years, the rock house was surrounded by orchards, so we had lots of plums, apples and cherries; usually more than we wanted. The ward ladies came and put up the plums, peeled the apples, and dried them on the shelves. There were lots of flies then and we put up mosquito cloth to cover the fruit. My job was to take a limb and wave it over the fruit to keep the flies off. How tired my arm got! We also had a brush to keep the flies off the kitchen table. Mother was real careful about window screens, but some flies got in anyway, and when the table was set, I had to keep the flies off it.

One day I went to tell some neighborhood boys to get out of the orchard. They used to come to steal apples before they were ripe. I stepped on a rusty nail, which came up through to the top of my foot. I got blood poisoning and got very sick. My mother put onion poultices on it, and many other concoctions, but it didn't get any better. Grandpa Ivie lived with us then, but was away in Salina visiting Uncle Oscar at the time. He was sent for. I was very sensitive of the pain, but Grandpa would roast the onions, cut them up fine, put in plenty of salt, and get the poultice ready. Then when I'd go to sleep, he'd slip the poultice on. The pain would quickly wake me, so to help keep it on as long as possible, he'd tell me Indian stories, or sing to me. I was administered to many nights, so that I could sleep. The wound just didn't get any better though, so as a last resort Grandpa honed his pen knife and lanced the wound. I guess I really made a fuss. He and Dad administered to me again. Grandpa sealed the anointing, and he spoke child language to me, and promised me rest. I got it. I slept then when I hadn't been able to sleep for a long time. The sore had begun to run by the next morning. I've never known if the poultice did it, the lancing, or his and Dad's administrations, but I recovered.

Grandpa was sent for from all over the county to help the sick, set bones, lance sores, etc. He just had a gift for healing. He died in 1909 so all this happened much before that. Grandpa traveled in a 2-wheel cart or by horseback. He used a small pearl-handled knife to lance boils, carbuncles, etc. Then he'd put a hot bottle over the sore, to pull out the core by suction. Most of all, the people were cured by administrations.

Some of the remedies Grandpa used were:

for a cold - 1/2 tsp. salt, lots of water -- a hot toddy

for a sore throat - turpentine in pork fat on the neck

for a fever - cold sponge bath

for earache - warm olive oil, or get a friend who smokes to blow smoke into your ear

for salves - sticky pine gum, camphor and mutton tallow, and bees wax

for menstruation cramps or when they needed blood to flow - tansy tea
for croup - administrations by husband and hot and cold packs
for spring tonic - sulphur and molasses
to ward off sickness - 1/2 cup sage brush tea each morning
for infectious diseases - burn sulphur in the house and wash with carbolic acid and water
before there was Kotex - use a cloth folded inside some paper and toasted in the oven until the paper turns brown
for inflammation and blood poisoning - steamed onions and salt in a bag which was put on the sore; hot bread, and a milk poultice
for baby colic - hot catnip tea
for cough - onion syrup and honey, or horehound and honey
for heart problems - a red flannel jacket next to the body, beef iron, and wine by the jug
for all occasions - Brigham tea

My mother was a midwife before there were many doctors. A midwife took care of the babies after they were born, and the mothers, for 10 days to 2 weeks after the birth. Usually someone, the husband or an elder son, would come for my mother. While she dressed and got her little bag, whoever came to get her would saddle her horse Old Pacer. Her saddle was always on the first peg in the shed so they could find it easily. The bag held scissors, thread, clean cloths, soda, olive oil, and yarrow or tansy for tea. Mother went many places, and she was also called on when there was a death. However, Grandpa would go when there was a broken bone or other trouble. I can still see him sharpening his knife to lance a boil or such. When Mother went, we never knew how long she would be gone, maybe for 2 hours or maybe for 2 days.

After Millie was born, Mother had another baby, which was born in the rock house in Vermillion. It was born dead. All the children had been sent to stay with Uncle Oscar on his farm while this happened. We hit the trail for home when we heard, but Dr. West saw us coming, and got out of his buggy with his whip, and told us to go back to Uncle Oscar's or we'd get a whipping. The baby was buried before we could go home again.

I was the first of the family to get the measles in 1905. Mother put my bed in the middle of the room and put all the blinds down, but none the less, some of the other children came down with measles too, so I had company. They used to say that measles went in on you, so they gave us hot teas of every description for a long time. Uncle Oscar's children were about our ages, and he lost two of them with measles: Alden Leroy on February 22, 1905 and John Elmer on March 12, 1905. Lafay and Mamie had been staying with them to sit up with the children and give the parents a rest. When the two children were buried, Lafay and Mamie came over and stayed with us so Dad and Mother could go to the funeral. Lafay kept us all laughing the whole time. I was the sickest in our family and didn't go to school again until several days after the others.

Ida Belle, daughter of Thomas Gledhill and Lilly Belle Ivie

I remember being told about when Uncle Oscar's family had diphtheria just after I was born. Our family had diphtheria too, but Uncle Oscar came for Mother because they were worn out from being up days and nights with their children. Two of the children, Parley--age 3 and Mattie--age 8, died within hours of each other. When Mother came home, she made the clothes to bury the children in. Dad made the coffin and lined it with white cloth. The clothes and the coffin were then taken to Uncle Oscar's home, but everyone was so afraid of getting diphtheria, that Uncle Oscar and his wife had to dress their own dead children and then pass the coffin out the window at midnight to my father and a neighbor, Mr. Foote, so they could bury the two children in Sigurd, so that no one else would get infected. My brothers got worse with diphtheria and Dr. West from Salina gave them some of the first diphtheria anti-toxin available in Sevier county. They recovered.

When we bought the rock house with the cattle, the boys were old enough to go to school, but my birthday was in winter, and how I hated being left at home. I was not old enough to go to school that fall, but the school was close to the house, so I'd go sit on the steps of the school, or in a seat with my brothers, until the teacher, Hattie Bartlett Bean, let me stay. At first she just tolerated me, sometimes giving me books and paper. But by Christmas time, she let me be a full time student. She taught the first four grades and was my first teacher. She is still alive now (1974) and is about 93 years old. She lives with her daughter in Fillmore and we still keep in touch. I was her pet, the boys would tell me, and I really enjoyed her. I was able to read before I ever got into school. There were only 2 teachers at the school. The other was Bert Bean, who taught the 5th to 8th grades.

During this time, I acquired a boyfriend, Ancel Stringham. He saved his candy for me and I did for him. We sat together at school, etc., but most of all, he helped me with the buttons on the back of my dress, when I had to go. Since we had no elastic, Mother made the waist of my dresses with button holes, so that the panties could fasten to it. The button holes in the back were hard to do, so he would unbutton them for me. We were always good friends. He got married during the same month that I did, and he taught school in Glenwood.

The spring after Mother was put on the Primary Stake Board, Nita Nielson (Ogden), who was the chorister on the Board, put on an entertainment in the old Lyric theater on First North in Richfield. Nita tutored me to sing "And a Little Child Shall Lead Them" in it. I was small enough that I had to be lifted up on to the stage. I guess I gave it all I had, because Nita remembered this incident from my life a short time before she died in 1973.

When I was young, Dad and Mother always went to Salt Lake for April and October General Conference, and would take Millie and me along. Millie and I were young enough that we could travel on the train for free. Once when we were traveling on the train, Millie and I were going up and down the aisles, swinging from one seat to the next one. The train started unexpectedly, and Millie fell and broke her nose. We had to get off at Provo to get it fixed.

Once Mother took Millie and me to a ladies meeting. I don't know what meeting it was, but I always thought it was the Young Woman's Association and it was held in the Assembly Hall. We were supplied with lots of hankies to make dolls and cradles, to keep us quiet. Millie and I took turns sitting on the floor and on Mother's lap. Many ladies talked, giving testimonies, but one talked strange. I said to Mother, "That lady doesn't talk right." Mother said, "Hush, she's speaking in tongues." We listened -- Mother in tears. A few minutes later another lady in another part of the house interpreted it. So once in my life I heard the gift of tongues and the interpretation of tongues, but never since. I guess I was too young then to know what it was or could mean.

I was baptized in the Salt Lake Tabernacle on April 5, 1904 by Francis Marion Bishop and was confirmed by John Mickelson. Florence, who was my Uncle Joe's girl, was baptized first and she cried and made a fuss. I didn't cry. After I was baptized, I got out of the water and shouted, and had to be hushed. I'm so thankful for my baptism. I didn't know what it meant then, and maybe I don't now, but I do know a lot more now than I did then.

My brother Ray was getting married in 1907 and wanted to take his wife Mae with him to Chicago to medical school after the marriage. However, he was afraid that she would get too homesick by herself, so he begged Dad and Mother to let him take me along with them. I could tell that something was wrong, but didn't know what. Finally my parents decided to keep me at home. When it came time for the wedding, Mother and Millie went up to Preston for it. I wanted to go, too, but was told that if I'd stay home, then I could go with the family to Fish Lake that year, and Millie would have to stay home. After they got back from the wedding, Dad got out the old covered wagon and the buggy and got them ready to go. When we got in the wagon and started to leave for Fish Lake, Millie cried to go with us. Mother said, "No!" She'd promised that I would get to go this time. Dad started the horses up and Millie came running after us, crying, until the wagon was half way to Sigurd. Finally they stopped and picked her up, and she went to Fish Lake with us. It turned out that I was glad she came, because there was someone for me to play with. By the time we got back from Fish Lake, Ray and Mae had gone to school in Chicago. . . .

I got a bad mastoid infection in my right ear. I had to go to Richfield to lay under heat lamps every day for so many minutes, trying to bring the infection to a head. The infection didn't break to the outside, however, but inside and put its poison all through my body making me very sick. Ray didn't know if my heart could take it, and on the day that he thought I was not going to make it, he and Millie came out to Vermillion and spent the day with me. Dad thought it best to leave me, so he took the others in the family for a long ride that day. Millie sat on one side of my bed and Ray on the other. I can't remember much, but I knew it when they would lay their hands on my head, which they did many times during the day. It must have helped for here I am at 81 years old now, although I have had trouble with mastoid infections many times since. So you see the Lord has been good to me. . . .

Amelia May Gledhill Nebeker

A Life Sketch by Janese Christensen



Amelia May and Ida Belle Gledhill, abt. 1900

Amelia May Gledhill was born September 30, 1897 to Thomas and Lilly Belle Ivie Gledhill, their eighth child, the second daughter. Millie, as she was called by her family, was born in the home of her brother Lafay (Hugh Lafayette Gledhill) and his wife Mamie (Mary Elizabeth Jennings) in Vermillion, Utah. She was blessed by her uncle James Oscar Ivie, her mother's brother and a close neighbor. As a young child she had blond hair, which darkened with age. She was 18 months younger than her sister Ida Belle and they did most things together as children, and, as adults, stayed close to each other a large part of each other's life.

Her parents always went to April and October General Conference for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in Salt Lake City, traveling by train. They would take the two daughters with them. On one occasion, as Millie was going up and down the aisles, swinging from one seat to the next, the train started unexpectedly. She fell and broke her nose. They had to get off the train at Provo to get it fixed.

Millie was baptized and confirmed by her father on October 10, 1905 in Salt Lake City--probably at the Salt Lake Tabernacle in connection with General Conference, as this is where Ida was baptized.



Ida Belle, Lafayette Levoy, and Amelia May Gledhill, abt. 1908

She probably attended grade school in Vermillion. If her path was like her siblings, she would have attended up to 8th grade in Vermillion, then live away from home for high school. She may have attended Snow Academy, as her brother Herbert (Bert) France Gledhill had. The newspapers record her, when about 14 years old, spending the 4th of July in Ephraim, and that reported she was home for a Sunday, apparently visiting her parents in Vermillion.

She and Ida loved to go to the ward dances. Her father and brothers would lead off the dance with her or Ida and they would dance throughout the evenings. In 1915 it was Millie that coaxed Ida, tired from teaching school for the week, out of the house and to the ward dance, where Ida met for the first time the man she would marry, Randall Christensen. Later, in about 1935, when Ida had been widowed for about seven years, it was Millie that was with Ida when they stopped by the Anona Dance Hall in Richfield after a movie. Ida ended up dancing several dances with Christian Leroy (Roy) Buchanan, who took the two sisters home. He would later become Ida's second husband.

Amelia May, daughter of Thomas Gledhill and Lilly Belle Ivie



Amelia May and Ida Belle Gledhill, abt. 1910

At age sixteen Millie married Ernest Arthur Nebeker on August 25, 1914. Ernest was from Richfield and was 21 when they married. On his WWI draft registration he described himself as tall, slender, with brown eyes and brown hair. Ern's father, Don Carlos Nebeker was a farmer, bred and trained fine horses and raised cattle. He built the first brick home in Richfield. An elder in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, he was very active in religious and civic affairs and was highly respected by all who knew him and had business affairs with him. He died at age 50, when Ern was 14. Ern's mother was in one of the first graduating classes of the University of Utah and was the Relief Society President of the Richfield First Ward for thirty years. Later she lived in Salt Lake City on a street just south of the State Capital.

Millie and Ern were married in Millie's parents' home at Vermillion by her uncle, Bishop John Ivo Gledhill. A wedding shower was given in her honor at the home of her brother, Dr. Thomas Ray "Ray" Gledhill. They had a daughter, Maurine in 1915, and a son Garth in 1916. Both were born in Vermillion.

Ern supported his family mostly in the mercantile business. In 1916, with two very young children, they were living in a tent at the boom-town of Marysville on about 150 East Main, where he established a grocery and meat business. One and a half years later, about 1918, he moved to Richfield and reestablished the same business. Millie would work as a saleswoman for the store. In 1918 their daughter Gwendolyn was born in Richfield.

One night in 1920 the Nebeker grocery store on the corner of Main and First North in Richfield was severely damaged by fire. The Nebeker family was living upstairs over the store. Luckily the family had left for Salt Lake earlier that day. It was believed the fire to have been started by boys hunting for liquor extracts in the storeroom who had carelessly dropping a match. Once the fire was put out, it was determined that dozens of pocket knives and boxes of cigars were missing. The building, which was fortunately insured, suffered \$1,500 in damages, and the stock damage, also insured, was worth well of \$1,000.

In 1921 Ern was visiting neighboring communities, apparently for his work. In 1922 he was working for the John Henderson Co., a musical store at Richfield.

Millie and Ern's family was sealed together in the Manti Temple on June 27, 1923.

In 1927 Ern was an assistant to a federal prohibition agent. When this agent was tried in court for a "statutory charge" against a Provo woman, Ernest was a witness in his defense, and received threats because of it, along with other witnesses.

Amelia May, daughter of Thomas Gledhill and Lilly Belle Ivie

When Ida and her husband Randall Christensen moved from McCornick to Richfield in 1927, having had severe financial struggles at McCornick, the Nebeker family was a great support and resource to them. Randall went to work for Ern in a Maytag washing machine shop down in Cedar City where the Nebekers were then apparently living. Millie watched Ida's children for a week and Randall and Ida had a second honeymoon. Then the next spring, in 1928, Randall severely irritated his lungs from strong chemicals used for reconditioning washing machines and died about a week later.

When Ida had to go back to summer school at BYU so she could teach school in the fall, Millie helped watch Ida's two children--Mary, almost 5 years old, and Thomas Randall, almost 3. When Ida gave birth to Randa on November 3, 1928, Millie and Ern wanted to adopt her, but Ida couldn't give her up. Ida said Amelia would take Randa whenever they could and were very good to her. She would make dresses for her.

After their mother Lilly Belle Gledhill died May 1, 1929, Ida moved into their father Thomas Gledhill's home at 47 North 300 West in Richfield and the Nebekers lived in the house she had been in living in on the corner of 300 West and Center Street.



Ida Belle, Thomas Gledhill, and Amelia Mae. abt. 1930

During the same month that Belle died in 1929 Ern was appointed by the Utah Secretary of State to be one of four automobile inspectors in the state. The responsibilities included seeing that all automobiles owned by residents of the State were licensed, and that trucks carrying loads were within the limits set by the State. Don reports that Ern was part of the first graduating class of 27 officers for the "State Road Police Patrol," later becoming known as the Utah Highway Patrol. "The first uniform [was] forest green with a patch of a flying motorcycle wheel sewn on the left arm and on the hat. Smith & Wesson .44 caliber revolvers, with cross-draw holsters, are issued to patrolmen.

Through out his life Ern continued to be called on occasionally to help with law enforcement issues. His son Don reports that he would be deputized at times to help out. He remembers while being at the county fair grounds at



Thomas R. Christensen and Ernest A. Nebeker, May 1928

Richfield, his father Ern stopped a fist fight by picking up a young man in anavy uniform by the seat of his pants and belt, lifting him up and hauling the sailor away to get him out of the fight situation. The newspapers report Ern occasionally receiving money from the Juvenile Justice fund of the county budget. The Fish and Game people would call on Ern for help at times.

The Great Depression began in the last part of 1929. In the early 1930's unemployment in Utah was the 4th highest in the country. Ida reports this was a hard time financially for Millie and Ern. Ida, having income from teaching school and living with her father Thomas Gledhill across the street from them, would often buy groceries for both her and Millie's family. When she taught in Joseph, Ern often went with her and would spend the day trading, coming home with a pig and its litter or a calf in the back of Ida's car when time to drive home.

Later when Ida had married again and she and Roy were struggling, the Nebekers were there to help them out again. Ern would save out the livers, tongues and pig feet for Ida's family. Amelia gave clothes to Ida to make over for her children.

The 1930 census indicated that the Nebekers lived at 357 East Center St. in Richfield. Ernest was working as a automobile salesman. After the death of Thomas Gledhill in 1933, they lived in the corner home that had been Ida's [290 W Center St.] with Ida inheriting the Gledhill home 47 North 300 West]. The 1940 Census gives the Nebeker's address as 260 West Center Street in Richfield.

Millie was an active church worker in the LDS church, including being the Primary president in the Richfield 4th Ward, beginning in 1932, and served in this calling for several years. She also worked in the Sunday School and was in the Relief Society presidency. She was a member of Camp Kimberly, Daughters of Utah Pioneers and hosted a meeting for them.

In 1935 their son Don Thomas Nebeker was born, seventeen year after their last child Gwendolyn had been born. In 1936 their son Garth went on an LDS mission to Holland. In 1937 Maurine, who worked at the state capitol and served as president of the Capitol Girls club, married. The Nebekers built on extension on to their home for a confectionery and grocery store.

Then on Sept. 20, 1938 their daughter Gwendolyn was killed from a fractured skull when thrown from a car that rolled after missing the curve on Highway 89 at Central, UT. Keith Hooper was a witness to the accident. Dr. Thomas Ray Gledhill was called to attend to the accident scene and didn't initially recognize Gwen. She had attended BYU one year and also the LDS Business College and worked as a stenographer. She had come home to prepare to go on a LDS mission.

Amelia May, daughter of Thomas Gledhill and Lilly Belle Ivie

In 1939 Garth returned from his mission and Ernest built a slaughter house south of Richfield, north of the airport. Son Don reports that it was the only packing house south of SLC. Ern would buy cattle from farmers. He had the first refrigerated place for carcasses and could provided fresh meat to the area. Ern moved a barn out to the packing house and, when Garth married in 1940, he and his wife lived there for a while with Garth helping with the operation. There was more demand than supply and they were very busy.

In 1940 Millie was released from the ward's Relief Society presidency and served as a precinct judge for the 1940 election. The US Census indicates they were still living on 260 West Center Street in Richfield. They owned their home, which was valued at \$2,500. Ern's occupation is listed as butcher and retail grocery, earning about \$1,500 a year, the US average income at the time being \$1,368. They ran the store in the front portion of their home.

Millie died October 31, 1945 at 4:40 a. m., at age 48, in Salt Lake City, being hospitalized there for a gastric hemorrhage that had gone on for 8 days. She had suffered with a gastric ulcer for several years. She is buried in the Richfield City cemetery.

Ida's son Thomas Randall Christensen was serving in the army in the Philippines at the time of her death. When he heard of her illness he wrote this in his letter to her:



Amelia May Gledhill
Nebeker

Dear Aunt Millie,

I understand now you are taking a little vacation in bed. It's a funny thing but I never did particularly care to spend mine that way and I dare say neither do you. I hope this letter finds you well on the road to recovery. Wish I could come and see you and try to help the days pass like you always did for me every time I had my vacation. Whenever I was down in bed you always came and brightened up my day for me. I wish I could try to do the same for you.

I have been receiving your very nice and most welcome letters. I don't know just where I would be if it wasn't for your letters to me from home. You [Tom referring to himself] are always sort of sulky and mean anyway but if you get some mail, things brighten up a little, at least for a while. . . . I hope you and your family are all well and happy and that you are soon your old self again. I'm looking forward to seeing you all again and to sink my teeth into one of your pies. Take care of yourself and get well soon.

On hearing of Millie's death, Tom wrote:

13 Nov. 1945

Dear Mother,

When I arrived from Manila last night I had a letter from June telling me of Auntie's Death. It was quite a shock, too, as I had been lead to understand that she was getting better. Today Mary's letter came giving me more of the particulars of it. Still it was hard to realize that my dear Aunt had left us. I guess she never did get my letter to her which I wrote to try to answer the many letters she had written me to cheer me up and help me over the rough spots. I should have written to her more often. I realize that but now it is too late and I am indeed sorry that I hadn't tried to make more bright spots in her life for her. I always depended upon you to tell her of me. Now it is too late to try to make up for it.

It is hard to realize that I won't be able to see my Aunt Millie again. When I was home last she treated me so darn swell. I don't hardly know how to think about coming and not have her there with you, smiling at me, saying nice things about me. Helping me in every way she could. Home will sure be different with her gone. She was so close to you and us. It will be hard to get along without her ever helping hand.

Auntie was a grand woman. Everybody that knew her loved her because of it. There are few that could be as kind and understanding as she always was. It will be hard to get along without her but it must be done. I am very sorry that I hadn't been able to see her once more. I had wanted to very much. I'm going to miss my second mother. I'm sorry I can't be with you at this time.

May God Bless you and help you through this great loss.

Your son,
Tom

Amelia M. Nebeker

RICHFIELD—Funeral services for Amelia May (Millie) Nebeker, Richfield, who died in a Salt Lake City hospital Wednesday, will be conducted Saturday at 2 p. m. in Richfield Fourth L D S ward chapel by C. P. Christensen, bishop.

Salt Lake Tribune, Nov. 2, 1945

After Millie's death Ern brought their son Don to live with Ida. Maurine and Garth were married and raising their own families.

Ernest died two years later in 1947, at age 54, of a cerebral hemorrhage. Ernest was a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, was an active Democrat and was involved in civic affairs.

Amelia May, daughter of Thomas Gledhill and Lilly Belle Ivie

Misses Ida and Millie Gledhill spent Sunday at home with their parents

Richfield Reaper, Nov. 21, 1911

Ernest A. Nebeker of Richfield and Millie Gledhill of Vermillion were married Wednesday at the home of the bride's parents.

Richfield Reaper, Aug. 27, 1914

NOTE TO HUNTERS: No trespassing will be permitted on the Don C. Nebeker estate, the so-called "Half-Moon" pond, south of this city. All violators of this warning will be prosecuted. ERNEST NEBEKER. 3t.

Richfield Reaper, Oct. 21, 1916

RICHFIELD GRADE SCHOOL

There have been a number of parents to visit school this year, including three fathers. As there are not many fathers that have time to come we appreciate it very much.

The men that have visited school are: Dr. T. R. Gledhill, Mr. Ernest Nebeker and Mr. George M. Cope.

The mothers that have visited are: Mrs. Orsos Christensen, Mrs. Walter Ogden, Mrs. Adrian Nelson, Mrs. Alfred Colby, Mrs. T. A. Hunt, Mrs. J. I. Curtis, Mrs. Ernest Nebeker, Mrs.

Richfield Reaper, Nov. 8, 1923

Miss Millie Gledhill of Vermillion celebrated Independence Day in Ephraim.

Ephraim Enterprise, July 11, 1912

A shower was given Thursday evening at the home of Dr. Gledhill in honor of his sister Millie Gledhill Nebeker.

Richfield Reaper, Aug. 27, 1914

NEW BUSINESS HOUSE TO BE OPENED IN RICHFIELD

Ernest Nebeker will open up a grocery and bakery establishment on the first of April in the Beutler building situated on the corner of Main and 1st North streets, opposite the Commercial Bank. His advertisement elsewhere in this issue tells the story.

Richfield Reaper, Mar. 23, 1918

Celebrating her birthday, Mrs. Ernest Nebeker entertained nine ladies at a delightfully arranged luncheon at her home Friday afternoon.

Richfield Reaper, Oct. 6, 1932

The Fourth ward Primary officers were entertained by Mrs. Ernest Nebeker at a preparation and social meeting at her home. Mrs. Wm. Morrison, Mrs. W. W. Sandall and Mrs. Rolla Seegmiller enjoyed the afternoon.

Richfield Reaper, Dec. 1, 1932

Let Ernest Nebeker do your butchering. He is experienced and well prepared. Calls answered in and out of Richfield. 12-15x

Richfield Reaper, Jan. 12, 1918

Ernest Nebeker's new business house
Grocery and Bakery

ERNEST NEBEKER, Prop.

Will be open for business on April 1st. All new, clean and wholesome goods. Will buy for cash, and sell for cash, at all times giving our patrons the benefit of discounts and not having to make up for the bad customer's accounts. There will be no delivery and patrons will also be given the benefit of this saving in expense. Be ready to give us a trial.

Corner First North and Main Streets
Next to the Golden Rule

Richfield Reaper, March 1918

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Nebeker recently built an extension on their house on West Center street and have opened a confectionery and grocery store at the house.

Richfield Reaper, Sept. 9, 1937

southern Utah. Ernest Nebeker had a slaughter house built outside the city limits early in the spring, and work on a fram build-

Richfield Reaper, Aug. 17, 1939

A JOLLY GOOD CHRISTMAS

to Our Friends
We wish for
you continued
happiness.

YOUR PATRONAGE
IS APPRECIATED

**Ernest Nebeker's
M A R K E T**

Richfield Reaper, Dec. 18, 1940

Recipes from Lancashire

Thomas Gledhill mentions eating potato pie in his missionary journal.

Butter Pie

Makes 6 Servings

Eaten mainly in North Lancashire where the Mallinsons and Gledhills lived.

Pastry

**8 ounces plain flour
2 ounces butter
2 ounces lard or shortening
ice water**

Filling

**3 large potatoes
1 large onion
2 ounces butter
salt
white pepper**

1. Make the pastry, blending the ingredients together. Add the water and chill the pastry in the refrigerator for 20 minutes before using.
2. Peel the potatoes and onion. Cut the potato into thick slices. Boil the potatoes for 8-10 minutes. Cook the onion in the butter until soft.
3. Line a pie dish with pastry and put in the potatoes, onions and butter flakes. Season with salt and white pepper and top off with the rolled remains of the pastry.
4. Bake at 350 degrees for about half an hour until golden and serve immediately.



Lancashire Hotpot

Serves 4 People

One source reported that this dish was prepared in the mornings before heading for the factories for work. It was then left at the bakers to be put on coals after their baking was done and slow-cooked during the day, ready to pick up on the way home from work for a warm meal at the end of the day.

**1 pound diced mutton or lamb
3 large floury potatoes such as maris piper
2 sprigs thyme
1 bay leaf**

**2 onions, sliced
2 cups lamb or beef stock base
2 Tbsps butter, melted, plus extra to grease**

1. Preheat the oven to 335 degree.
2. Dust the meat lightly with flour and sprinkle with a pinch of sugar, salt and pepper.
3. Peel the potatoes and slice them thinly.
4. Butter a high-sided casserole dish and arrange about a third of the potatoes in the bottom. Season them and sprinkle with a little thyme. Top with the meat and bay leaf and season in the same way, followed by the onions, seasoned the same way.
5. Arrange the remaining potato slices on top of the onions like overlapping fish scales and season these with salt and pepper. Pour enough stock over the potatoes to just come up to the base of the topping (take a piece off to see this better), then brush them with the potatoes with melted butter.
6. Cover and bake for two hours (two and a half hours for mutton), then uncover and bake for another 30 minutes, until the potatoes are golden and crisp. Serve with pickled red cabbage.

